

THE  
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

---

EDITORS:

---

W. D. GIBBY, N. J.  
V. V. NICHOLAS, N. J.

D. L. PIERSON, PA.  
S. H. SHEPARD, N. Y.

MANAGING EDITORS:  
H. W. HATHAWAY, N. J.

J. M. YEAKLE, PA.

TREASURER:  
W. C. FISK, N. Y. LOCK BOX 17.

---

VOL. XLV.

JUNE, 1889.

No. 2.

---

DANTE'S REALITIES.

PRIZE ESSAY. BY DONALD MCCOLL, '91, N. Y.

EVERY age has its own peculiar heritage which, having received from the ages past, it increases with its individuality and bequeaths to those which follow. Silently at times centuries hand on their accumulating influences and pass away unnoticed. Then suddenly the voice of genius speaks and the silent years yield up their thoughts. Thus Homer imparts to us the gathered treasures of many years. He knows Virgil best who knows him as a Roman, and who views him in the light of the changing history of the Eternal City. So too, if we would rightly study the "mystic, unfathomable song" of the great Italian poet, we must think of him as the voice of ten silent centuries. The thoughts by which good men had for many years been living, he caught up and fixed in immortal music. In him we find the individual incarnation of the hopes and fears, the wrath

and the love which beat instinctively in the breasts of all his countrymen.

To get a just conception then of Dante, we must first take a brief look at a typical Italian of the thirteenth century.

We notice first of all he is preëminently religious. His, however, is not that sweet, whole-hearted, philanthropic faith which permeates the soul with gladness. He is rather sad, introspective and ascetic. His highest aspiration is to experience in his soul the true essence of an all-pervading God. To accomplish this, his intense spirit consumes itself in the effort to shut out the world from sight, while he wanders in the regions of the dead. To make Hell with all its commingled horrors more real and terrible to his imaginative mind, he invites all ages, lands and races to contribute their dark imagery. The Hebrews give him their Gehenna, in which "each spirit swathes himself with that wherewith he burns." From the Pagan poets he receives the livid streams and the gray-haired boatman "whose eyes are flame." The three-mouthed Cerberus, still barking at the entrance, "with chin and gullet peeled" permits no spirit to return; while the Cretan Minos, dimly associated with Teutonic Hela and made hideous by the acquisition of a tail, stands judge over the nine circles of the infernal world.

All these phantasms are to him as real as the most familiar scenes of life. Had not St. Farcy and St. Vettin both been admitted to these awful regions, and had they not returned to relate their appalling journey? How could he doubt such honored authorities?

Purgatory too, that unanswerable argument against the papal faith, that standing proof that man in his inmost heart knows himself unfit to hold the awful trust—the keys of Heaven and Hell—is to him a doctrine not to be questioned. Why this too, had been established on the best of evidence. Had not St. Paul himself seen the land in a vision, and told

the world of its real local existence and the state of the penitential spirits there? Had he not often heard the fathers relate the wide-spread and popular story of the Purgatory of St. Patrick and of the Emperor, Charles the Fat? And did not the writings of Matthew Paris, too, glow with the account of the terrible journeys of the Monk of Evesham and of Thurkill? Yes, the mount of Purgatory is a real place to him: the antipode of Hell and, crowned with the terrestrial paradise, the place of ascent to Heaven.

Of Heaven itself he knows but little. This as yet is unapproached. The trumpet-voice which said, "Come up hither and I will show you the things which must happen hereafter," had spoken to the beloved disciple alone. Though saints might descend on beneficent missions to the world of man, of the place of their happiness, of the state of the blessed, and of the joys of the celestial world, they brought but vague and indefinite tidings. So, in the Italian of the 13th century, the conception of Heaven is an indistinct commingling of Jewish traditions and astrology with the cosmogonical and astronomical notions of his age. In the planetary and starry heavens dwell the souls of the redeemed, swathed in light, flashing brighter with each new accident of joy and charity. Yet they are but denizens in these lower circles, still looking to their seat in the highest heavens, the white rose of the New Jerusalem. There, in unspeakable glory and delight, they are absorbed by, yet separate from their Redeemer, living forever in mystic union, one in substance with the triune God.

Such is his belief, unshaken as yet by the rising influences of his time. Already, it is true, he is rejoicing in the first warm flush of the Renaissance, but he has not yet learned from the classics—sad result of a glorious age—to despise sincerity and faith, and to conceal beneath the surface of a brilliant culture the grossest appetites and most savage passions. Yet, though his thoughts dwell much upon the spiritual world, it is not the quiet peace of the Hebrew that

pervades his soul. Both the intensity of his nature and the combining forces of his times forbid it. The internecine struggles of the free cities of Italy, the Eastern Crusades, the Inquisition of Pope Innocent III, and the unfortunate Princes of Swabia, have all conspired to mould his hot spirit, glowing with the newly-gotten sense of its own individuality, into a flaming sword, ready to consume whatever to it seems wrong.

In a representative man like Dante, who was completely under the influence of his age, we expect these qualities and we shall find them, conspicuous to a marked degree. Many volumes have been written by way of comment upon this Tuscan and his work, but on the whole, to little effect; for no man, perhaps, in the world's history, has been more sadly misunderstood. One age reviles, the next adores him. Voltaire calls the "Divine Comedy" the production of a madman, while Longfellow reads it as he reads his bible. So, would we penetrate the poet's inmost heart and lay bare its aspirations, we must cast aside the thoughts of others and study for ourselves his soul as we see it in his book. This book is, in fact, about all we know of Dante. An unimportant, sorrow-stricken man, not much note was taken of him while he lived and his biography is, we might say, irrecoverably lost to us, except what we can glean from his poems; and perhaps we should say, too, from that portrait commonly attributed to Giotto, which, looking even at our common copies, we incline to think is genuine, whoever did it. It is a most touching face. Alone, there, with a simple laurel wound about the brow, it looks out with a sad, unapproachable sternness, as if in sworn and eternal warfare upon a cold and heartless world. The expression is one of unspeakable mournfulness; a silent, deep-seated, hopeless pain. Then beneath it all, and as the foundation of it all, a soft, sensitive tenderness as of a child, may be distinguished, but only faintly now, for it is almost wholly frozen into sharp contradiction; into haughty, sullen isolation. The

lip is slightly curled, as if in proud disdain of the canker which is eating out his life; as if it were withal, a mean, an insignificant thing that thus had power to torture and to slay him. Yet out of this ice-bound face, a keen, a noble eye looks up with a sad, longing inquiry, as if piercing the veil of death to find a place where he might go and be at rest, since man's injustice could not follow. This is Dante; and his looks correspond exactly to his life and his book. This book is itself, in truth, his whole history. It was the hope of his boyhood. Day after day, during the best years of his life, his strong but tender heart distilled its sweet anguish upon these pages, and when at last this book was finished, the poet's life was spent. He died then; not old, but, it is said, broken-hearted. We are right then, in looking to it and it alone as the index of his character.

No sooner do we open the *Inferno* than Dante's one all-pervading trait is at once suggested. With what brief simplicity he passes out of our world of facts into the invisible one! In the second or third stanza we find ourselves in the land of spirits, and thenceforth we dwell there, as among things palpable, indubitable. With Dante they were so. Both the intense earnestness of his nature and the spirit of his times demanded it. A bitter fortune, too, had done its work to strengthen this belief. Unhappy Dante! What a world of woes were crowded into that proud heart before it burst, that men might enjoy the fragrance of its anguish! Beatrice, the only being he had ever loved with all the intensity of his nature, had been for many years in heaven. His home, too, was taken from him, his goods confiscated and himself doomed to a life of woe and wandering. From his native city the order had gone forth that he, by whomsoever found, should be burned alive. Thus, banished from the land he loved and feeling that his lot was flagrantly unjust, nefarious in the sight of God and men, he wandered alone, and in silence nursed his rage, while the canker which he despised ate deeper and deeper into his soul. All this

had an important effect upon Dante's nature. More and more this world, as one by one the bonds which bound him to it were snapped asunder, lost for him its reality, while the world beyond became more distinct. Florence he could never see. Hell, purgatory and heaven he would surely see; they were indeed the true realities. To them his wounded heart turned for comfort. With this thought, wandering thus for years, trampling on his dispair, his sad heart at length burst forth in melody and this "medieaval miracle of song" is the result. How pathetically he tells us this by a few masterly touches in his first canto! "Midway upon the journey of his life," Beatrice's death had left him in the blackest night—in that bitter valley which "with consternation pierced his heart." But the sun at length rose sweetly on his trembling spirit and, with one lingering look at that yawning grave, slowly he begins to ascend the slopes of the "Mountain Delectable." Scarcely a step had he taken when his own city, Florence, that "panther light and swift exceedingly," besets his way. Then the royal house of France, "a lion with uplifted head," followed in quick succession by the papal power, so completely overwhelms him that he sinks in black dispair, while the very air about him seems to tremble. From those depths "where the sun is silent," Dante in dismay, turns his back upon the world and looking toward that kindlier land, seeks help and comfort from its shades. There, henceforth, he will dwell, amid scenes more real and more congenial to his stern, sore-saddened heart.

That this is Dante's one great thought, the careful reader cannot fail to notice. Think of this. Soon on his journey, he meets the shades of those men who had lived spiritless lives, "withouten infamy or fame." To his intense, ambitious mind they appear contemptible: "Let us not speak of them; but look and pass." Notice now, the punishment deemed sufficient for sinners so despised. "They have *no hope of death*." Sternly benign the thought loomed up in Dante's

heart, scathed, and weary with its never-ending restlessness, that at length he would full surely *die*. The unsatisfying shadows of earth were at last to be changed for the grand, the eternal verities.

In pursuance of this thought, look for a moment at his pictures; for in them his inmost soul is visible. A man cannot paint what he does not feel. Dante's scenes are all detailed descriptions by one who looks and trembles while he writes. How his own heart thrills as, in the Inferno, he paints that woeful yet beautiful scene of Francisca and her lover! "A thing woven as out of rainbows on a ground of eternal black." Those weary souls, driven on by the infernal blast, whirl along uttering their lamentations "as the cranes go chanting forth their lays." The poet calls the lovers. For an instant hope and desire enter their sickened souls, and "as turtle-doves to their sweet nest" they approach him. But only a moment they speak while the wind is still. Then they are whirled away to wail forever. The poet swoons in pity; but eternal Justice stands! Recall, too, that first glimpse of the disconsolate city of Dis. Its iron walls rise lurid in the black atmosphere, overtopped by towers of flaming vermilion! The eternal fires of the Nether Hell! Then that rain of fire, falling on those souls "baked within the crust,"

"In dilated flakes, \* \* \*  
As of the snow on Alp without a wind,"

slow, deliberate, never-ending. A sceptic's pencil never painted scenes like these.

How real to him are his conceptions, too, in the Purgatorio. Purification by repentance is its theme, and this is worked out with a sincerity and a faith which is beautiful. If sin is so dark, and Hell must be so horrible, there is just as truly, in this mountain of sighs, a never-dying hope, which, though burdened yet with sorrow, by-and-by will

surely triumph. Meanwhile the wind blows soft, while penitential hymns rise low and sweet to the Throne of Grace. "Pray for us. Pray devoutly," are the words on every lip. "And why should we not?" is the poet's remark to the reader. Soon a soul freed by prayer is ushered into Paradise. The whole mountain trembles with joy! How the poet's mind speaks here! The grandest success is, after all, not dominion or fame, but the freedom of a soul from sin. Think also of Dante's longings for Beatrice; a solace to him even in the Pit of Woe, a soothing rest on the Mountain of Pain. Then their meeting in Paradise; his ecstatic gaze into those pure, transfigured eyes. What a tenderness, a trembling, longing love have we here! "Like the wail of Æolian harps, soft, soft." And yet Beatrice, in her stern loveliness, purified by so many years of heaven, is so far removed from him. It is the same thought still. The true, the only loveliness, is not the earthly, but the pure, the unapproachable, the heavenly.

This, then, is the thought which this Child of Eternity would teach us as he embodies in his mysterious song his own sad life.

Marvelous achievement this! Out of a chaotic mass of legends, traditions and beliefs comes one symmetrical, tripartite cathedral of music, grand and awful, whose foundations are faith, whose columns sincerity, and whose motto is righteousness, purity and love!

We might have extolled here Dante's poetic ability, and rightly too, for in some respects it has never been surpassed. His style unites the colossal grandeur and precision of Homer, the beauty of Virgil and the brevity of Tacitus. He never fails in any scene, to seize the vital idea and, with one quick, decisive stroke, to set it forth with all the vividness of a fire at midnight. His similes too, are the finest in literature; and for a like to the eloquence of his silences after one smiting word we must go to the poets and

prophets of Israel. As a theologian, too, he might well demand our praise, for the writings of Thomas Aquinas himself are not more subtle than the Paradiso. In affairs of state as well his genius was of no mean rank. With a keener insight than most statesmen of his day, he foresaw the dangers which threatened his land and sought to avert them. Turbulent and wrangling Italy, freed now from the restraint of feudalism, was likely to be her own most deadly foe. Dante, seeing this, strained his eyes towards the north for a deliverer. Five centuries have passed. To-day his opinions are embodied in the constitution of the nation and Italy is at peace.

All this we could extol. Yet, though his genius might dazzle, it would not instruct us did we not make prominent through it all, and above it all, as Dante meant it should be, this intense sincerity and unwavering faith which grapples with eternity and finds it tangible. It is this which gives to Dante's words a special claim to immortality. They come deep from his heart of hearts and, through the long centuries, sink deep into ours. Heart-words can never die. But herein, too, lies the one great lesson of Dante's life for us. If our land, boasting in its knowledge and refinement, its material progress and its wealth, is to escape the calamity of seeing this magnificent social fabric crumble and fall through the weakness of the individual character of its members, it will be because our citizens mingle with their enterprise something of Dante's faith, realizing that after all, material success is not the goal of life; that this world, with its honors and rebuffs, is still but a transient thing; and that *beyond the grave* are found *the true, the eternal realities.*

## FATE.

FOR the sun must come and the sun must go,  
The storm must sweep and the winds must blow,  
And whether we smile or weep, I trow,  
*The tide must rise and fall!*

---

All calm the laughing waters lay,  
The waves sang on with merry tune,  
The sun shone down upon the sea—  
A pleasant, pleasant afternoon.

We paced along the shining sand,  
The boats lay rocking with the tide,  
And, half in jest, I took her hand—  
We stepped aboard—the sail swung wide.

Within the stern I sat and steered,  
The dipping boom glanced wet with spray,  
And neither thought of ill nor feared,  
For the world was bright and our hearts were gay.

We sailed away—away toward the sun,  
And how it came I ne'er could tell,  
But before I knew it the light was gone,  
And the breeze that rippled the water fell.

A streak of fire lay along the West,  
Where the sun had sunk in a sullen cloud  
That curling rose, and spread and pressed  
The waters like a burial shroud.

She saw it too—the cloud and the gale,  
And her face grew sudden ashen white.  
I sprang around—down dropt the sail—  
I plied the oars with all my might.

Round wore the boat; the shore was far,  
While behind, as far as the eye could see,  
Stretched a foaming line, like a scimetar—  
The track of the gale that was to be.

I rowed for life in that awful race ;  
She looked in my eyes and bravely smiled.  
I see her now, with her sweet young face,  
And the storm behind her—drear and wild !

A sidelong wave came rearing on ;  
I would have turned—I plied my oar—  
When the frail thing snapped, and the blade was gone—  
Swept with the swirl of the wave afar.

With that she cried and wrung her hands,  
Then closer drew and held my own,  
And the mist rolled down about the sands,  
And the storm crept on with a desolate moan.

All that I knew of the hurricane  
Was a single, horrible, maddening sweep  
Of the wind on the sea, that leaped amain,  
And we lay in the grasp of the furious deep.

Her dark hair drifted across my face ;  
The salt spray blinded—I could not see—  
And, whirled in that treacherous, mad embrace,  
My wet hands slipped—and my arms were free.

One passing gleam of a pale face, seen  
Thro' the blur of the water, dimly white,  
But a swelling wave surged up between  
And shut it out from my drowning sight.

I walked where the surf had flung me high ;  
The sands were strown with ruin and wrack,  
And I—I watched each breaker die,  
For I knew that the waves would bring her back.

Still at my feet they laid her down ;  
The waters could make her no less fair,  
But the love-light from the eyes was gone,  
And sea-weed mingled with her hair.

---

For the tide must ebb and the tide must flow,  
Whether it bringeth weal or woe,  
Though the heart will break, and the tears will flow,  
*The tide must rise and fall !*

## THE FACE OF FATE.

MY HOME was on the bank of a great river—a magnificent, useless stream: magnificent, as it flows with troubled and hurrying current between wooded hills and over sharp black ledges, or with gentle, placid motion through a pleasant farm-land; useless, because of the masses of rock which, clustering at intervals, obstruct the channel and make navigation for commercial purposes impossible. My native town, a sordid and dreary railroad centre, deriving its maintenance from iron manufacture, is built densely and uniformly on the side of a hill which rises abruptly from the river—there a mile wide, quite deep and free from obstructions. Jutting head-lands and tree-clad islands, at some distance above and below the town, veil the inlet and outlet of the river. A long, black bridge of wood on massive granite piers crosses this seeming lake. The river, in spite of the prosaic surroundings of busy factories and passing trains, is not without romance, for Indian legends still cling round it, and the superstitious imaginations of the fishermen of to-day invest it with many strange fancies.

In this environment I passed my childhood and youth. Finding nothing congenial in the town or its people, I turned to the river for companionship. In sailing, swimming and fishing I found this my best comrade, in his moods ever changeful as a human being, yet always, were his humor dark and stormy or smiling and serene in sunshine, a friend who, from one in perfect sympathy, merited unswerving attachment. How often, after a day of hard work at my books, has the breath of the river cooled my throbbing temples or a plunge in its waters refreshed me with new strength. We seemed to accord in all things; I never doubted the river, for I could no more pierce the veil of the future than I could see beyond the barrier of green at the upper and lower ends of the river.

The whole of a scorching day in mid-summer I had been fishing with worse than indifferent luck and the lengthening shadows of the western hills warned me that my patience was likely to meet with no reward that day at least, when suddenly I felt a gentle tug at my line and pulled out an unresisting moccasin. The moccasin is a short, broad fish of the sunfish tribe, beautifully mottled and peculiarly marked by a large spot of peacock-blue near the pectoral fin. I was about to return the worthless fish to its native element, when my attention was attracted by a stripe of black that extended along each side from head to tail. I examined it closely and with some curiosity for I remembered that a young fisherman had told me that if one caught a striped moccasin, before another moon he would meet a woman destined to influence his fate for evil or good. Smiling at the superstition of such low minds for, though I am of a somewhat nervous disposition, the yarn had not made a very deep impression on my mind, I raised the anchor and pulled for home.

After partaking of a late supper I decided that I was too much fatigued to dress and make my usual calls and instead turned to the river that I might be refreshed by its cooling breezes. After pulling my boat a hundred yards or so from the shore, being very tired, I unshipped an oar and, sitting in the stern, idly plied it as a paddle. Thus, absorbed in thought, I drifted at the whim of the current and the gentle breeze that had come up after sunset. Occasionally I dipped my paddle from sheer force of habit or to avoid meeting some one of the many pleasure boats which were scattered over the surface of the water. Everything soon became flooded with the rich moonlight of August; the unsightly town with its factories and furnaces and the old weather-beaten bridge were mellowed almost into beauty.

I must have drifted thus for hours for suddenly I noticed that the merry sounds of laughter and song had died away and I seemed to be alone. Acting on mere impulse, I

pushed rapidly out into the moonlight which fell like a broad band of hammered silver on the surface of the rippling river. Then, as the current and the moonbeams seemed to have the same direction, I drifted again. As I reclined, dreamily watching the light play upon the surface of the water, my attention was attracted by a dark object drifting some ten yards beyond and whose outlines I could not distinguish. Moved by the curiosity which impelled me to examine every bit of drift and every boom-log that the river brought, I paddled in pursuit. As I drew near I turned out into the shadow to secure a better view. I anticipated nothing unusual. Alas! my fatal curiosity! What I saw had been a human being—a young girl. There she lay in the cold moonlight, so still, so pale, and yet as life-like and restful as if she were not dead but were only asleep on the gently heaving bosom of the river. She was just on the threshold of womanhood and of a gentle, melting beauty whose lines not even the moon could render severe.

Side by side we floated, the beautiful dead in the full moonlight and the awed and equally motionless living in the darkness. I seemed unable to move, as in a trance. Though I longed to tear myself away, I could not lift an oar to break the spell which bound me. All the time those features were indelibly graving themselves on my memory, so that even as I write they stand out vividly before me. That delicately moulded chin; the full lips sadly white and slightly parted; the rounded cheeks on which drooped long, dark lashes; the eyelids mercifully closed by the hand of the cruel river; rich masses of hair, neither golden nor brown, falling in natural undulations over the smooth, white forehead and, withal, that sweet expression of trust and innocence, present even in death. I did not think—I could not—I only gazed with a fixed glance, half of admiration, half of terror. How long I sat thus or how far the river carried us I know not; I was only aware of a sudden whirl and the boat, caught by an eddy, was carried out into the

moonlight, while my silent companion was lost in the shadow.

Gradually my benumbed senses returned and, guided by the gas burning at the mouth of the great chimney of an iron furnace, I rowed with nervous and rapid strokes back to the boat-house. It was very late. I was still too much dazed to think of arousing anyone with the tale of what I had found on the river. Morning came. I shrank from telling anyone that I had found a corpse the night before and had not the nerve to bring it to shore; so I held my peace. For days I almost devoured the newspapers, looking for the story of her life and sad fate, but all in vain. As the finding of the body was never reported, I think the river must have carried his precious freight down to his master, the Sea, a prisoner from the forces of the Land.

The rest of the story is purely personal and soon told. In the moment in which I realized that that beautiful being had come to her death in the river, another and darker phase of the river's character presented itself to me. Then the river seemed to me a cruel, treacherous monster wearing sunny smiles only to trap the unwary. My great love for it became intense loathing; I fled from my old friend and shall never return. Not only did I lose my means of recreation, but my work too is done. Before that August night I had been a student at a great university. I had a noble profession in view, and was making considerable progress by dint of an unusual power of application. That is now all gone. No sooner do I begin to read or study than the face of a beautiful woman comes before my eyes, and all else is forgotten. On that fateful night I was the betrothed of a pretty, lovable girl, whom I had known for years, but in her features there was nothing to remind me of that other woman, and in the constant occupation of my mind by the dead face I entirely forgot the living.

After that ill-fated night my home seemed a house of mourning, the town more hateful than ever, and the river

a demon, the very sight of which made me shudder. Within a month I was a wanderer, homeless, friendless, and with but one purpose—to follow any face which resembled that of the dead. When my small hoard of money was exhausted, I managed to eke out a living by painting. In my college days I had always had a taste for this art, and some skill with the brush, more especially in portrait painting. Now it brought me bread; I drifted to a great city. After a time my pictures would sell no longer, and I fell into extreme want. Often had I thought of reproducing the picture so vividly stamped on my mind, but shrank from it as a sacrilege. Yet, at the spur of hunger, I determined upon what at other times I would not have had the heart to attempt, and spent the last of my money for materials with which to produce the contemplated painting. I selected a large canvas, on which I traced the water and the moonlight and the beautiful dead. I was sure the picture would find a purchaser; it was so real to me, it must attract the notice of others. I worked day and night until it was finished. I had had nothing to eat for two days, and I almost ran to the art store with my painting. I controlled my eagerness as much as possible, and secured from the dealer a sum larger even than I had expected, and very much larger than any of my previous work had yielded.

The next day I had a visitor—an extraordinary event in my lonely life—a gentleman, who said he had bought my painting from the dealer, and had come to tell me that I had painted a great picture, which I must send to the approaching Annual Art Exhibition. I readily accepted his kind offer to attend to the matter. The Hanging Committee gave the painting a place on the line, and it received much attention and favorable comment. As artists will, I haunted the gallery near my picture, catching all the remarks of the passing throng, whose coarse jests and common-place praises were alike torture and fascination for me. One day I noticed approaching me a tall, gray-haired

gentleman, whose military carriage and noble, intelligent face, bearing unmistakable traces of sorrow, made him conspicuous among the more ordinary visitors. He walked slowly, casting indifferent glances at the pictures. When he reached the one I had painted he stopped suddenly, an indescribable look of recognition and anguish came into his face, and then, with a cry of "Gertrude! my Gertrude!" he would have fallen had I not caught him in my arms. In a moment he regained control of himself and stood looking at the picture. The expression of grief gradually changed to one of insight and anger. He turned to me and demanded brusquely, "Who painted that picture?" "I did," I replied with some agitation, for I was uneasy under his threatening gaze. "Then," said he, "you know something of her death; you are her murderer!"

Before night I was in a cell in the city prison, held to answer for the death of Gertrude Manning. When I had protested my innocence, the officer who committed me said that, though they had not yet been given, he believed Colonel Manning had sufficiently good grounds for preferring such a serious charge against me. As I was poor and friendless I could do nothing. The following morning Colonel Manning came to see me. The intervening night had calmed him and caused his naturally generous heart to re-assert itself; reflection had convinced him that there was really no tenable case against me. I gave him the only chair the cell afforded and seated myself on the edge of the cot on which I had spent a sleepless night. The cell was small; we were of necessity very close together and face to face. In a tone regretful and humble, he told me I was free to go where I chose, but begged me to tell him first the story of myself and of the picture. Moved by his kindness and his grief, I told him the story much as I have told it to you. I had kept the secret long, but it was easy to tell to that sorrow-stricken old man. When I reached the end he thanked me in a broken voice for answering the

question which had long filled his life with trouble—the question of the fate of his daughter. And then with bowed head and difficult utterance, he told me the old, sad story of an innocent, trustful girl led astray by a handsome, ruthless son of hell. She had been Colonel Manning's only daughter, brought up with all the luxury and care that her loving, wifeless father could lavish upon her. Just as she was emerging from girlhood and becoming all the more a part of his life, she left him without warning, and in the long wearisome interval he had had no news of her fate. Now he knew that, whatever her mistakes or misfortunes, she had been at rest for years. His anxiety was ended, though his grief remained. When Colonel Manning had finished he took my hand and said, "My dear friend, my house and my fortunes are large enough for two. We have a common sorrow, let us bear it together."

---

#### MACHIAVELLI AND THE PRINCE.

ITALY was in the last glow of the Renaissance. That sun of learning which had been kindled from the altars of Greece and Rome, was sending its level beams across the peninsula, gilding with a sunset splendor the civilization which had sprung up under that genial influence. It touched the cities, and, under the magic of that radiance, their dwellings were transformed into palaces, and their churches became temples of surpassing grandeur; it rested upon the faces of men and they were illumined with the light of genius. Never before had learning been more highly prized or knowledge more universal; never before had a more brilliant cluster of great men shed the glory of their names upon the pages of Italian history. Everything wore the outward aspect of a great and substantial prosperity. Venice was the mart of the East and Florence the bank of Europe.

Yet the elements of decay were there. The sway of the Empire no longer held the country together. The emperor himself had withdrawn across the Alps, and left the slopes of the Apennines and the plains of the Po to witness a bloody internecine strife. The sovereignty which belonged to no one was claimed by every one who had the sword and the address to second his ambition. The country was divided into petty principalities, surrounded by neighbors who were enemies, and filled with citizens and courtiers who were conspirators. The prince, on guard against foes from without, must distrust the very gentlemen of his cabinet.

There was no central authority; there was no overmastering power which could grapple with this struggling mass of ambitious, passionate humanity, and enforce a salutary order. The salvation of the nation, if it was to be achieved, must come from within. But how unfit was Italy to meet the task! The one thing that could have saved her was an element of that stern civic virtue which had carried the Roman Republic through so many stormy scenes, but this was the one thing which the new birth had not brought back to her. Hers was the morality of the Empire. True, her citizens discoursed of Socrates and admired the inflexible soul of Cato, but in this, too, they resembled the men of the Golden Age, who read the dialogues of Plato and lived the precepts of the later Epicureans. No Rienzi, inspired with the praise of liberty, could rear a new republic upon the wreckage of the old. There were no Quirites. In vain the ruins of Rome, majestic and eloquent in their desolation, rose in silent protest against the degeneracy of the age.

Nor could the Church afford any aid. The divine life which rendered her beneficent had been smothered and crushed out by men with whose unholy purposes it interfered. The Vicar of Christ was using his spiritual power to build up a temporal dominion. A Borgia sat upon the Chair of St. Peter, and his shameless vices and hideous

crimes made it impossible to attach any ethical significance to the Church.

But the cup of Italy's woes was not yet full. As she was lacking in everything which enables a State to resist aggression, so she abounded in everything to tempt the cupidity of an invader. The garden spot of Europe, her vine-clad hills and sunny plains, her populous cities filled with profitable industry, her vast wealth and the accumulated treasures of her art, all made her a coveted morsel in the eyes of Transalpine rulers; and the growth of a central kingly power upon the decaying institutions of feudalism made the accomplishment of that desire practicable. The Angevin claim to the kingdom of Naples had passed to the sovereigns of France, and they were eager to dispute its possession with the House of Arragon. Charles the Eighth crossed the Alps; not a sword was drawn, not a lance was broken; Naples fell, and the humiliation of Italy was published to the world. She was defenceless, divided by feud, weighed down by vice, united resistance was impossible. On many a bloody battle-ground the Swiss pikemen and the Spanish infantry tried the last argument of kings as to who should possess her.

And so the haughty Italians were trampled upon by the men of the West. With all their boasted culture, their trained intellect, the refinements of their civilization, their conscious superiority, they must cringe before the rude cavaliers of France and Spain. Those whom they hated as enemies and despised as inferiors had become their masters. They must see their cities burdened with taxation, their fields ravished, their homes desecrated, and then, worst fate of all, must dissemble the rancour of their souls, and receive as friends the authors of all these wrongs. Their safety depended upon it, and their jealousies demanded it. For it was only under the shadow of these great powers that their internal feuds could be gratified. Witness Florence and Valentinois, fighting their battles in the anti-chambers

of the French court, by turns accepted and rejected, indefatigable in subservience, fondling the hand that spurned them, and all the time conscious that their whilom friend regarded them but as the tools of his ambition. What cynicism must have come from their own degradation! What subversion of moral ideas from their own duplicity! What bitterness must have gangrened their hearts! What deep hatred and thirst for revenge—all the more deadly because concealed! Unable to contend by force of arms, they became bold in intrigue, and spread snares of treachery and deceit for their enemy.

It was in such a condition of Italy that a new luminary appeared, a brilliant, sinister star. In the court of the Signori at Florence, at the desk of the War Secretary, sat a man of medium stature, dark and slender, fine featured, lines of thought upon his brow, a clear, penetrative intelligence shining from his quiet eye. His powers of analysis were of the keenest. Nothing escaped his observation. It was the natural tendency of his mind to look at what went on around him, not through the colored lens of prejudice or interest, but with the calm, discriminating gaze of a philosopher; to him they presented so many phenomena to be arranged and classified. He was a man without feeling, without illusion, without ambition. He never loved. No flash of passion ever changed the cold repose of that eye. Mingling in the greatest affairs, he left no trace of using his position for his own advancement. That man was Niccolo Machiavelli.

He was a man of his age. Indeed, it would not be far wrong to say that he was *the* man of his age; for in him, more than in any other single individual, is its philosophy of life expressed. We would naturally expect one so highly organized, so impressionable, to be powerfully influenced by the spirit of the life about him and the events in which he became so prominent an actor. The revival of paganism he accepted in its fulness. Although scarcely rising to the

dignity of a scholar, he was always an appreciative student of the classics, finding in them recreation amid the activities of his earlier career and consolation in the forced retirement of later years. But it was the ethical side of Roman thought which was most potent in shaping his character. Only in the man of the fifteenth century the low morals of the Roman were sunk to a still lower plane by a bitter skepticism. The Roman was a simple pagan; the Florentine was a pagan who had lost his faith in Christianity and fallen from its spiritual elevation. The Roman thought the gods might be a myth; the Florentine knew that the church which he had been taught to reverence as the representative of everything holy upon the earth was a wretched sham.

Such he was when plunged into the thick of Italian politics. He became the republic's most trusted envoy. Those courts of infamy and crime became his natural element, and the necessities of his position, as well as the force of his own inexorable logic, led him to carry to their conclusion those principles of expediency which he already held. It grew to be a delight to exercise his faculties in the hazardous chances of diplomacy. With what keenness he scanned the faces and weighed the words of his fellows; how impossible to surprise by the contraction of a muscle, by the raising of an eyebrow, a confession of his own inscrutable countenance. He came to look upon the life around him as a game, and such indeed it was, a game for mighty stakes, played with blood and fire. Action lost all moral significance. Arms, courage, treachery, craft; what mattered it whether a man played rook or pawn, so long as he played well and won? A clever crime became his admiration. The massacre at Senigaglia was a brilliant checkmate, and it was nothing more.

We now come to the Prince. We cannot consider it alone. To a remarkable degree is the personality of the author wrought into its very fibre; and here we get a clew to its wonderful vitality in the face of all the attacks which

have been made upon it, and the unique place it has made for itself in the world's literature. The Prince is Machiavelli. Through its thin pages we see the dark face and guarded eye of the representative man; in its diction, clear, finished, passionless, we see the genius of the age. The Prince is inseparable from Machiavelli. As his character reflects his epoch, and can be understood only through a knowledge of it, so his work must be studied in the light of the personality and life of its author; for it was not a product thrown off by his intellect, but rather something evolved within his very soul; the expression and epitome of his life.

In studying the genesis of the Prince, therefore, we are studying the inner history of Machiavelli. His mind was formative; his quick insight detected the immutable laws of human conduct which ruled in the onward rush of that mighty tide of events, seemingly so arbitrary and chaotic on the surface, and in the clear depths of his mind these laws began to crystallize into a science. Through a score of years he had studied the course of every man who had a power in Italy. He had seen some succeed; others rise but to be overthrown. He analyzed their motives and their resources to a nicety; he knew the cause of their success and probed the secret of their failure. The accumulated knowledge gathered in twenty years' experience and observation lay in his mind, and under its vivifying influence they took on new form, and political science was conceived.

But the outcome was not a political science from the popular and economical standpoint of to-day. The omnipotent people were not yet born; the government was still the state, and the problem which he considered was not how a nation could best be governed, but how a government could best maintain its supremacy. Painfully familiar with the unstable character of his native republic, and taught by experience the advantages of centralized power in the constantly recurring emergencies of those stormy times, he looked upon a government of one man as the only safe form.

The *Prince* was the ideal, and it was around such a center that his thoughts arranged themselves. His conception was that of a strong man, pushing back as far as possible the limitations of his finite nature by a universal intelligence, eliminating the weakness of flesh and blood by a sleepless self-control, armed against surprise by a profound knowledge of the human heart and a constant vigilance, superior to his passions, superior to his fellows, sitting calm-eyed and god-like on the throne which his puissance had won; and in filling in the details of this imposing character the ethical element was not considered. The point of view was purely that of the scientific and expedient.

But one dark figure stands out upon the canvas of that time, imposing, terrible, possessing us to-day with a shuddering fascination as it did him with a critical admiration. A man who had dared everything, and won; courageous and pusillanimous, as occasion demanded; unequaled in duplicity, unsurpassed in audacity, cruel and gracious by policy, hurling his friends against his foes, and crushing either with a like indifference; indomitable in the midst of overwhelming disaster, "calm in the raging billows." When Machiavelli first went to the court of Cæsar Borgia he found him in the zenith of his fame. Having trapped and slain his weaker antagonists and made allies of the stronger, he was now threatening the liberties of Florence herself. The personality of this Iron Duke made a deep impression upon him. He admired the masterly concealment of his policy; he noted the cunning with which he employed his followers to do odious work and then punished them with death to escape the blame himself. Here was a model. On the foundation of this character he began to build up a sort of ideal Valentinois. Borgia became the embodiment of his growing conception of political science, and through him that conception takes a personal form. The original features become larger and more symmetrical. In the pregnant brain of Machiavelli the figure grows, the

vague outlines become more distinct, human weakness disappears before an inhuman intelligence, until there emerges, full-armed, that splendid, fell conception, the Prince. Into that one personality is compressed the political history of a century. The genius of the great Florentine has gathered together the thought of his age, and made it live in one heroic portraiture.

We have said that this man was without passion, without illusion. There was one passion that furnished the motive and one illusion that furnished the method of his great work. He was a patriot. He hated the barbarians; he longed to see Italy rise in her might, throw off the yoke of the foreigner, and realize his dreams of the old Roman state. For he, like all the men of his time, had that noble, pathetic faith in an eternal Rome. He wrote in the spirit and under the shadow of the great Latins. Thus he apostrophizes the prince whom he invokes in the name of liberty.

"Nor can I find words to describe the love with which he would be hailed in all the provinces which have suffered through that foreign deluge; the thirst for vengeance, the stubborn fidelity, the piety, the tears that he would meet. What gates would be closed against him? What people would refuse him allegiance? What jealousies would thwart him? What Italian would be found to refuse him homage?"

These are the words of a patriot, and they breathe the spirit of a restoration. They appeal to the dead past, dead, alas, beyond recall. For the Goddess of Liberty cannot respond to the call of a Machiavelli, however sincere his devotions. Strange man, cynical, unscrupulous, versed in the most hideous crimes of a most corrupt age and glorying in them, he summons the hellish spirit of his time and hails it in the sacred name of freedom; with toil and care he gathers the poisoned fruits of a long service and places them upon the altar of his country; he lays bare the blackest vices of the human heart and extols them in the name of patriotism. Wretched, thrice wretched Italy, when such men were thy patriots!

---

We have seen how the Prince is Machiavelli and how Machiavelli is his age, a great book, a great man and a great age. Weakness is characterless, but genius is essentially plastic and receives ineffaceably the impress of its environment. Machiavelli has been misunderstood. Those who read history on the surface have denounced him as the incarnation of all evil; those who are less remarkable for critical perception than for that charity which covereth a multitude of sins see in him a noble-minded patriot, portraying in merciless satire those political vices which he would condemn. Let us content ourselves with a calm and sober judgment. Acknowledging the splendor of his intellectual powers and admitting the vicious morality that gives a sombre shade to his greatness, let us turn away from the contemplation of his character with admiration for his genius and sorrow for the pagan influences to which it could not rise superior. The one was Machiavelli, the other was his age.

---

#### EVENING IN THE ROCKIES.

A SONNET.

THE mountain peaks stand out against the sky  
Like giant sentries in an endless row,  
Armored in ice with crimson crests aglow.  
Deep shadowed at their feet the forests lie;  
Through wild ravines the river glideth by,  
Rippling against the rocks that stem its flow,  
Fresh from its source hid in the lasting snow;  
The gathering darkness shows that night is nigh;  
Far down the canyon the nocturnal bird  
Sounds his lone note and breaks the silence deep;  
Then the wolf's howl, dismal and weird, is heard;  
Forth from their lairs the nightly prowlers creep;  
The forest sighs by chilling breezes stirred;  
One world awakes, another seeks its sleep.

**ARTHUR THORNDYKE.**

**T**HREE are few pleasanter places in which to while away a summer's vacation than the little town of Gairlochhead, in Scotland. Surrounded as it is with all the picturesque scenery for which that country is so famous, the little group of red-tiled and straw-thatched roofs presents a most pleasing picture to the eye of a lover of rest and beauty. On the right it is guarded by a row of lofty mountains, whose crests gleam like pearls in the azure sky, while the silvery lines of falling streams mingle delicacy with grandeur, music with awfulness. Far away on the left stretch rich pasture lands and fields yellow with spring-sown corn, and these in turn are interrupted by meadows, which seem to care for no covering save the primroses and daisies. Here feed the butterflies, on whose wings all the painters of fairyland seem to have displayed their skill.

In front of the town flows the historic Clyde in majestic stillness, and the decks of passing ships are covered with passengers about to bid farewell to Bonnie Scotland, for soon they will be borne on the ebbing tide to the not far distant ocean. Between the fields and meadows on the right and the mountains on the left is situated one of Scotland's prettiest *braes*. It was here that Paisley's poet, Tannahill, loved to wander, and here he wrote the poems which the natives of that country delight to read, and over which they are wont to weep.

A strange phenomenon of nature adds still more picturesque beauty to the place. In a curve on the mountain top is a strange cleft commonly known as "Wallace's Flume," for near to this place is situated the cave where that hero's sword may still be seen. Strange tales are told of the mournful sounds that may be heard in that part of the mountain during the midnight hours.

It was in this region that Arthur Thorndyke decided to spend a short vacation after several years of hard work.

Here it was that he formed a friendship that might have helped him to climb honorably to the highest round of fame's alluring but treacherous ladder. The name of his new-found friend was Carrie Lowrie, the acknowledged queen of such society as existed in the village. Her vivid imagination, her wit and frankness, together with a strong admiration for intellectual excellence, commanded the homage of the men if not of the women. In Arthur Thorndyke, too, she seemed to have found her complement. His whole face denoted a rare intelligence and force of character. They admired each other as acquaintances, and soon this admiration ripened into the stronger feeling of friendship, but Arthur had determined that it should never develop into love.

In Miss Lowrie's daily routine a few hours were always set apart for a mountain ramble. To-day her heart fluttered a little more than usual, and the hands of the clock seemed to move with most provoking slowness, for young Thorndyke was to be her escort.

He came at last, and together they started for the mountain. The best point from which to view the place is the bridge which crosses the strange cleft in the mountain-side, and thither they wended their way. On reaching the bridge they stood leaning on the railing, while they passed comments on the beauty of the picture which lay before them. She calls his attention to a beautiful wild flower which she espies a little way down the rocky side of the cleft, and immediately he offers to procure it for her. She steadfastly protests, while he as steadfastly insists that he fears nothing from the danger of the attempt, and, notwithstanding her entreaties not to risk his life for such a trifle, he leaves her side and climbs down in quest of the flower. Small portions of rock and earth give way beneath his weight, but he still persists until, finally, having secured the trophy, he starts on his upward journey. When he had almost reached the bridge he stopped a moment to tempt her with the result

of his daring. She tried to reach it, when all at once a slide of earth, loosened by the winter's frost, gave way, and Arthur would have been precipitated into the depths below had not the girl, with wonderful alacrity and presence of mind, seized the hand which was uplifted toward her, and, throwing her weight against the upright part of the bridge, thus enabled him to catch hold of the railing with the hand that was free. Unable to stand the continued strain, Carrie fainted from the sudden reaction, but not before she had saved the life of the man she loved.

With one foot on the earth and a hand on the bridge, it was an easy matter for Thorndyke to draw himself up. On reaching the young lady's side he found her unconscious. Fortunately he saw others rambling over the mountain, and with their aid was enabled to carry her home. For several days she was unable to leave the house, for in the strain and sudden exertion she had very nearly dislocated her arm, and the reaction left her in an exhausted condition. There was, however, little cause for unhappiness in this, as her lover was continually at her side. During these few days he also had changed. Contrary to his former determination, their friendship had ripened into love.

Her favorite seat was at a window which looked out on the river, and here Arthur found her one day when he came to pay his usual visit. She did not rise to greet him, but, with a smile of welcome, held out her hand. He took the delicate fingers in his own, and sitting down beside her straightway began a declaration of his love. He felt her hand tremble and, on seeking her eyes, read there the answer he wished. Hand in hand they sat for hours, while he painted for her bright pictures of future happiness; but the happiest day of their lives must end with a pang—on the morrow Arthur was to return to the city.

When Arthur Thorndyke met Miss Lowrie he was a young man of twenty-eight, in every respect prepossessing. He belonged by birth to the great middle class of society,

but he longed to rank with the aristocracy. To be looked down upon by men of inferior ability was a matter that, instead of amusing him, made him uncomfortable. So in early life he determined that those who then shunned him would some day court his favor. He knew that the man who gained applause on his own merit was greater than he who relied on the merit of his father. Thus far he was right; but he forgot, or rather never realized, that fame gained by sacrificing one iota of personal honor was far less grand than a life spent in quiet and honest simplicity. To gain success, he had early resolved to sacrifice everything. He made self-aggrandizement the sole object of his life. His father could ill afford him a college education, still, by hard work, he was graduated as a lawyer from the University of Glasgow. He chose law as the surest stepping-stone to political success. Now he was in a fair way to realize the dream of his life. Already he was pointed out as a rising man, one who would in time become one of *the* men of his profession. He soon secured a connection with one of the oldest and most reliable law firms of the city. But one additional step seemed necessary—he must marry for money and position. Formerly he had ridiculed those who would be satisfied to travel on another's reputation, now he himself was becoming the victim of a similar desire. Sentiment, he thought, was all well enough for those who could afford it, but for him success must be his only mistress; at her shrine only could he afford to worship. Everything that threatened to keep him from this, the object of his life, must be trampled under foot. His great love for Carrie Lowrie had, for the time, banished all such thoughts from his mind. Now he worked from a purer motive, and sought success not for himself, but for the object of his higher affections. Had not love roused in him the nobler thoughts of manhood? But soon he became again absorbed in his work. His success was greater than even his friends had anticipated. The court-rooms were crowded when it was

known that Glasgow's young orator would plead the case. One success made him long for another; again he would gladly sacrifice anything to gain applause. By degrees his engagement became irksome to him. The young lady interested could not give him the social position he coveted. An inward voice said, "Be true to yourself and your love." He tried to quiet that voice by the thought that there is no such thing as love; that it is only a sentiment for the vulgar, that will soon pass away. No; after debating the question with himself, he decided that even love, if such a thing did exist, was not too sacred to be sacrificed on Ambition's altar. To satisfy ambition, he sacrificed a woman's love, and, with perfect unconcern, he wrote to the woman whom he had professed to love a short note of apology for the folly of his hasty step. He tried to tear the once loved image from his breast, and to lose himself more than ever in his work.

Three years after his graduation he became a full partner in the firm. This step gave him a hold on better society, but as yet he had little time for pleasure. At present he limited his social calls to one house, and that one the best known in Scotland—the Lansdown estate. He was the Earl's lawyer, but was always received as a friend. In fact, it was often whispered around that the young Countess thought more of Arthur Thorndyke than she did of the Earl himself. Nor could this be wondered at, since the Earl was an old man, while Arthur Thorndyke was a handsome young fellow of little over thirty.

The Earl of Lansdown had, in his old age, become infatuated with Muriel Cobb's rare beauty; she, in turn, had always been in love with his title and wealth. Some regarded the marriage as a fair one. He to furnish plenty of this world's goods; she, youth and beauty with which to grace it. But the young lady had the best of the bargain, for she would soon have all the treasures, minus the encumbrance of the Earl himself. As the old man became feebler the

lawyer's visits became more frequent; business was, of course, the attraction. Soon the Earl passed away, having transferred all his wealth to his young wife, with the proviso that, in case of a second marriage, her husband should assume her name.

About a year afterwards the social world was a little startled by the announcement that Arthur Thorndyke had married the Countess of Lansdown. A godless marriage it was pronounced by the neighbors; how could it be a happy one! But the new owner of Lansdown thought little of happiness apart from the joy of success. He had always been a man of high intellectual ability, now he added to that, social influence. His house soon became the centre of attraction. Its social events were the talk of the season. He spent his wife's money lavishly, was respected by all his tenants, and was even spoken of as the favorite candidate for the coming election. His opinions on the political questions of the day were eagerly sought and frequently quoted.

But all his success could not erase from his memory the lovely face of Carrie Lowrie. His young wife's presence brought not joy but disappointment, for he longed to see the face of the woman whose love he had dishonored. Then he would laugh at his weakness and try to ease himself by the thought that no doubt she had, ere this, forgotten all about him, and was now happy in the love of some more recent admirer. He would work himself into a passion of hate as he imagined someone enjoying the love that should be his. Never could his wife guess the inward conflict from his outward actions, for the face remained void of expression or feeling. She knew that he spent very little love upon her. But he treated her with the utmost courtesy, and with this she decided to be satisfied.

At the election Thorndyke secured a seat in the House. Here he met with his usual success; the whole House rose to greet him at the close of his first speech. But his very

success seemed to mock him, for he could always hear a voice saying, "This is the price of a woman's love." When he would think of the summer resort he seemed to feel something pulling at his heart strings. Home had no sweet attraction for him. His step never became more elastic, nor his eye brighter as he approached its door. Now he fully realized the cost of success. The noblest part of his nature crushed; his wife made to live a loveless life; and, perhaps, another was yet suffering from his mad act.

When Miss Lowrie read the letter which informed her of her lover's infidelity she was fairly stunned. If only he had consulted with her and confided to her the reasons why he could not marry her she would not have cared so much, but for him to write her simply that he wished to break the engagement was too much for her loving nature. At first she tried to feel amused over the occurrence, then she strove to rise above wounded feeling, but the woman's heart in her conquered and compelled her to bow beneath the blow. She argued that he belonged to her as a reward of her love, and, in addition to that, he belonged to her because she had saved his life. To have this man whom she had so implicitly trusted trifle with her love was more than she could bear. For some weeks she writhed under the influence of her passion. At times she felt as though she must go mad; but finally her feelings became less intense. She knew that her old self was dead, that she could never love again, but she decided to endeavor to make her dead-self a stepping-stone to a higher self. Now she must live for others, that under her the precepts of the Great Teacher might be carried out. Hers hereafter would be a life of self-sacrifice, for in the midst of her sorrow she realized more than ever that this was the keystone to a truly, eternally successful life. Her passionate nature became subdued, her presence, instead of inspiring a love for gaiety, carried with it a spirit of calm. The social circles were forsaken for the sick room, the hours formerly spent in

delicious dreams of future happiness were now occupied in bringing comfort to the sorrowing and thoughts of a higher life to places where evil reigned. Thus her life is gradually wearing away in her untiring efforts to elevate others. Soon she will come to her end, unheard of and unhonored save by a few, and she will take her place in that noble line of the world's queens whose brows were never adorned with any diadem, but the gentle halo of an inward peace. But the man who trifled with her love will be talked of as

"The pillar of a people's hope,  
The center of a world's desire."

Notwithstanding the remorse that sometimes drove Arthur Thorndyke almost to despair, he still continues to rise higher. If unqualified success would serve to make men happy no shadow would ever cross his path, but his life is void of happiness; he cares not for the woman who sold herself for money and then for fame. Often has he tried to learn something of "his only love," but without success. While we must admire his intellect and almost reverence him because of his great success, we will ever rank him among the world's most successful failures.

## VOICES.

---

### THE HIGHER EDUCATION.

THERE is often heard upon the campus an echo coming from the busy outside world and crying for what is appropriately termed a "practical education." It is voiced not so much by any subtle materialism among us as by the avowed utilitarianism of the age. The world of action is constantly calling for able recruits. From the wealth and independence that comes from successful competition it universally follows that men draw wise distinctions between the intellectual capital that yields immediate returns and the capital of culture whose dividends are not so soon apparent. It is not surprising, then, that the college student comes to believe the mission of education to be the determination of what a man can *do* rather than what he can *be*. Consequently, each particular study is viewed favorably or unfavorably, according to the probable per cent. of practical utility it will furnish for later use. "What need is there of my studying or wasting my time over —?" The average student could fill in this blank and candidly say that the question is one which he has many times put to himself and to his fellows. In other words, intellectual refinement is sacrificed to materialism. He seeks with greatest avidity that special department of learning which will graduate him a railroad king or a bank president. Catching the spirit of the day, which is to turn everything to practical ends, he grows impatient of the old routine, which results in a rounded and symmetrical culture, and emphasizes instead those branches of study which will best fit him to make profitable ventures in stocks and bonds. Time spent in any other way except that which is likely to tell directly upon trade and profits, is counted as

lost. The whole range of philosophies, literatures and sciences which the curriculum contains must be focused upon the one great pocket-book or the one lauded position of the hopeful future. A successful business or professional career stands ever before him in all its imaginary proportions, and the acquiring of specific kinds and quantities of facts he considers the only education that can give it solidity. And so his mind becomes surcharged with material aims till he defeats the very object of his endeavor, and makes it appear to the more observing man that matter is mind and mind matter, and that mammon is the highest good.

Power is worth more than the mere acquisition of wealth. The ability needed to write Hamerton's letters or Emerson's essays was of a much higher order than that required to understand and apply their suggestive contents. Spencer showed a stronger mind in constructing a system of philosophy than have Cox and Schurman in tearing it down. It took a Webster to prepare a reply to Hayne, but any schoolboy can declaim the same. It required the musical talent of a Handel to compose the "Messiah," but there are many musicians who can execute it quite as masterly as the author himself. After mechanical ingenuity had packed the "Hell Gate" with explosive substance, it only needed the timid touch of a child to blow it into a thousand fragments. It is evident, then, that discipline precedes knowledge. The capacity to reason well is a higher possession than an acquaintance with the recorded reasonings of others. The ability to be eloquent, to persuade and move men, or to draft plans with great mathematical skill and precision, is to be preferred to familiarity with the orations and addresses, the charts and inventions of others. True education is a development of the mental and moral faculties, not the addition of any.

The temper of our age is clamoring for the sort of training that serves merely for practical purposes, makes educa-

tion simply a crutch upon which the maimed support themselves. Such a theory of education may serve a man very well when among the lame, giving him an advantage over others; but when the test comes, and he stands side by side with a fully rounded and well developed man, he will sadly feel the need of a strong and healthy limb. Dr. Stucken-berg gave us a true theory of education when he said that the German universities sought to develop the man himself rather than his attributes. If education were simply an apprenticeship, then might men resort at once to the law office and the study, and the professions would be just as ably filled. Experience proves that this cannot be done. Natural powers need first to be cultivated, then can special accessories be gained for any particular aim in view. Huxley, Le Conte, Adams and Sumner are among the many who have urged the practical side of culture. Their views seem to look largely toward the one aim of enabling a man to flee poverty and turn everything into profits. But the increase of mental force, the refinement of sensibilities and perceptions, and the facility of using the faculties, whether strictly rational or aesthetical, must ever provide a higher degree of personal satisfaction and enjoyment, and impart to society a greater amount of lasting good, than any mere quantity of knowledge poured in or tacked on for utilitarian purposes. Profit is good; utility is better. But the best of all is to discover and expand the higher impulses of the man himself.

G. H. S.

---

#### THE POSSIBILITIES OF FICTION.

FICTION is an acknowledged element in English literature, and, during the last fifty years, it has been so rapidly gaining the ascendancy that now it can be safely said, next to the newspaper and periodical, to be the most popular

form; and the more when we observe that the story in the periodical is, to many, the most attractive feature. This popularity bespeaks a vast number of devotees. And when we bear in mind that the great majority of novel readers are people who read little else; when we recognize the subtle power and secret influence of the novel over its subjects—that, in the realm of novel readers, fiction reigns supreme—then it is we are cognizant of great possibilities of good or evil opened before it. It is in behalf of this vast number of people, who read little else than novels, that we wish to speak. To these it has become a habit—a ravenous appetite, which must be appeased.

Outside of fashionable circles the slavery to this habit is restricted almost exclusively to the young. For this reason fiction holds an enviable position of influence over the gentlest and most susceptible of human kind. Shall this power be devoted to the degradation or the elevation of society? This question must be answered by the novelist himself. The art has been abused and degenerated by a few mercenary and unprincipled sensationalists, who cater to the public taste and scatter broad-cast from their too prolific pens that seething mass of literature, the poisonous effect of which is too well known to need reiteration. Another class of writers, viz., the average modern novelist, while infinitely superior to the former class, still do not aim at the refinement of their readers. True, the primary object of fiction—to afford a pleasing pastime—is attained, but that is all. And when the mass of readers to whom the novel serves as both Bible and text-book, are remembered, then it is seen that to such, at least, no benefits accrue. The effect is rather analogous to that of opium. They are most pleasing while being read, but as soon as finished the mind relapses into lethargy, or there is an insatiable desire for something new. The inevitable result of such reading is a deadening of the sensibilities; it renders the most sacred emotions inert and unresponsive. Thus, while the present standard of fiction

is beneficial to many thoughtful people as a means of relaxation, yet to the masses it is as fuel to a consuming fire. Many thoughtful people also resort to fiction, not only as a simple relaxation, but "in order to find their own higher aims and aspirations reflected there; to have unfolded to them a panorama of the world and of society," and, we may add, of personal individuality. What we need is more realism in fiction; true pictures of life, character and religion.

Much of the *morale* or ethics of fiction is to be gleaned from such novels as George Eliot's and Tolstoi's. There are too few such. We need more of the so-called religious novel. More of the realistic Christian virtues entwined among the meshes of a fascinating story, as abundantly illustrated in the simple fireside stories of E. P. Roe. As yet, not a single great novel or romance has been conceived from our country's history. Surely there were enough romantic deeds and abundance of high-strung courage and enthusiasm manifested during our struggles for independence and the preservation of the Union. What a vast field of unexplored resources is here opened for creating a noble literature! It has been aptly said that "the heart-beat of the nation found its utterance in action, not in words." Capt. Charles King is really our first military novelist, and much may be expected of him. He first touched upon the civil war in his "*A War-Time Wooing*." We will hope for many more of its kind. A no more pertinent illustration of the possibility of fiction reaching almost the sublime can be mentioned than "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*." How completely it formed and swayed public opinion, until a curse which enshrouded the nation in a burning shame was gloriously removed.

The resources of fiction are limitless. Our country is rich in them, and we can think of nothing that would so develop and quicken patriotism as a copious library of national fiction, both historical and political. Nothing that would inspire in the hearts and minds of these slaves of fiction a greater desire after true manhood and womanhood

---

than novels written with a purpose—a moral in view. We long for the time when the novelist will recognize his higher powers, and the grand opportunities of proving a lasting benefit to his fellow-man. His name will then be immortalized, for such works will live forever in the hearts of the people.

Finally, when we take into consideration the lofty heights already attained by fiction, in point of English style, we recognize its possibilities of reaching the classic zenith. And when we observe what advantage books that appeal to human nature and the master passions have over all others, it is certain we must look to this form of literature in the future as a possible means of elevating a huge mass of humanity to higher ideals and nobler impulses.

---

#### THE PROVINCE OF POETRY IN COLLEGE EDUCATION.

A MID the prosaic realities of modern life, few college students reckon the study or production of poetry as an essential feature in education. Life is counted too short and other matters too pressing, for one to attempt to read, much less study, the works of even the more famous of our English poets. We are apt to fancy that the powers which poets and philosophers put forth are of quite a different order from those which we feel in ourselves, and that commonplace and every-day life have nothing in common with their high functions. It is not so. The true poet is not an eccentric creature, not a mere artist living merely for art, not a dreamer or *dilettante*, sipping the nectar of existence, while he keeps aloof from its deeper interests. He is, above all things, a man among his fellow-men, with a heart that beats in sympathy with theirs; a heart not different from theirs, only larger, more open, more sensitive, more intense. He does not feel differently from his fellow-men, he feels more.

Believing this, we cannot but acknowledge that the careful perusal of poems of the higher quality must enlarge the

sympathetic, elevate the aesthetic, and quicken the intellectual side of our natures. Many know not half the wealth of subtile thought and fine imagery that lies hidden in a volume or even a single poem of some of our great English bards.

But it is not alone in the *reading* of poetry that benefit is to be derived. No one is acquainted with the extent of his powers in various directions until he has made an effort to discover the amount of his genius in that direction. It is equally true that everyone cannot accomplish an intellectual feat simply because he may make the attempt. Many advantages arise, nevertheless, from a persevering effort to cultivate the art of poetical production. It is true that, for one on this side of graduation, whose manhood is harnessed into the duties of the place, what, between the routine of work and the necessity of taking a side in public questions, and, above all, the atmosphere of omnipresent criticism in which life is lived here, original production becomes almost an impossibility. Material benefit, nevertheless, accrues to one from the attempt. In the simple versification with rhyme and rhythm there is an appreciable beneficial result arising from the necessity of becoming familiar with synonyms, and although the writer may not be destined to become a

"Serene Creator of immortal things,"

he nevertheless will find that the simple knowledge thus obtained, together with the effort in a new style of expression, favorably affects his literary productions in other lines. It is not, by any means, necessary to send one's virgin attempt for publication, for the ardor of the first endeavor may receive a severe and sudden dampening at the hands of the critic. But if the effort proves successful in your own eyes and in those of others, success beyond expectations or hopes may crown you with honor. Even should failure result, one may find comfort in believing with Wordsworth, that

"Many are the poets sown by nature,  
Yet wanting in the accomplishment of verse."

---

## EDITORIALS.

---

WE WISH to extend our thanks to Professor Wescott and Mr. Hopkins for kindly acting as judges in the essay contest. It is gratifying to learn that they considered the essays to be of a high order of merit. The prize has been awarded to Mr. Donald McColl, '91, of New York.

---

THAT the October number of the LIT. may be issued at the proper date, it is requested that all contributions be mailed to the managing editors at Princeton, on or before the 10th of September.

---

### AN EPOCH.

THE years of 1888 and 1889 form an epoch in Princeton's history. This month reminds us of the inauguration of our President a year ago. The events of the year have assuredly been very propitious for the college.

A review of Dr. Paton's words calls to mind some of his ideas and plans concerning the college. "We don't mean to make artists or attorneys," said he, "but we do mean to widen the character of undergraduate study, to encourage special investigation, and to add department after department just as fast as we can do it." The year has borne out the truth of this statement. Next year we shall see substantial results. The enlarged curriculum, of which we are pretty generally informed, shows that successful efforts have been made in the spirit of the above remarks.

That the President has taken "very considerable interest in the finances of Princeton College" is beyond question. Of this the buildings which will grace our campus next year is ample proof.

The favorable attitude of the Doctor toward athletics has been substantiated both by his actions and his words. He has not changed his sentiments upon this subject as expressed last March, when he said, "I confess if the evils that are alleged to exist in regard to inter-collegiate contests can be checked or abated, I can well believe that out of these brawny contests some of the very best elements of manhood may emerge." He conciliated not only every undergraduate, but every alumnus, when he spoke thus.

We have great reason to believe that our faculty, that has been laboring during the winter months to perfect the new system, will present to us on our return in the fall a course which will be much more satisfactory than the present one, since it will widen the range of the two lower and materially increase the latitude of the two upper classes. We shall also see among us many more who come to take special courses. We shall feel the breath of the University on our brows, and shall be sensible of new, vivifying blood coursing through the college veins. The institution will surprise us with its vigor, and we shall be compelled to look to it or we shall find ourselves falling in the rear. The step is undoubtedly a great one toward the University, and in the history of Princeton will be recorded as an important period.

---

#### WHAT THE ALUMNI HAVE DONE FOR PRINCETON.

IT MAY be surprising to many to learn that until ten years ago almost nothing had been done by the alumni for Princeton. The Chancellor Green and 1860 fellowships, with the Stinnecke Prize, summate the most important

gifts. A very limited number of scholarships and small sums were given by a few graduates. But the increased wealth, which we are glad to say the college now possesses, has been presented since the years '79 and '80.

The institution received much from outside sources in the way of money, prizes and a few buildings. Green, Marquand, Stewart, Libby and Brown are names associated with gifts of money, and Boudinot, Lynde, Baird and others with prizes. Several amounts were given by Dr. McCosh's friends, and it is well known that Reunion Hall was built by the Presbyterian Church.

The work of the alumni, however, has been done during the last few years. In 1881 the Princeton Alumni Association of New York was re-organized by the efforts of a few men who had the interests of the college at heart. They saw something could be done if the men were interested in the work and realized the power that lay in their numbers.

Dinners were held. The men became acquainted with one another. The professors were invited to attend, and the old college spirit was revived. The newspapers naturally gave publicity to the occasions, and advertised the college to advantage. Previous to this the papers had been accustomed to represent the college in a very poor light, seldom saying anything in its favor, and frequently casting slurs upon its reputation. These same gentlemen made it a point to see the management of all the prominent papers and have this thing stopped. Since then Princeton has not had unfortunate misrepresentation through the press.

The efforts of resuscitation were successful, and in 1886 the Association was merged into the "Princeton Club of New York." This was quite an awakening for Princeton men generally. The alumni in such cities as Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chicago, and elsewhere, whose associations were all practically dead, soon copied the plans of the New York Club, and at present are in thriving condition and furthering the interests of the college in their several sections.

There are now twenty associations. These associations assist one another in many ways, and are so many representatives, as it were, at the courts of the several cities.

The New York Club advertises quite extensively, bringing out something nearly every week which is attractive and useful, and thus keeping Princeton constantly before the public. Through the energies of the alumni, local examinations are held in several convenient centers, and cannot fail to assist in adding to the membership of the undergraduates.

A few years ago the trustees were not graduates of Princeton, but now the majority of the board is composed of alumni. This fact in itself shows an important improvement in Princeton's affairs. For when the alumni are not recognized by the college the college is apt to be slighted by the alumni.

The work of the alumni in the shape of gifts to the college has grown to encouraging proportions. Four University fellowships were founded. The Atwater, Biddle and Cuyler prizes were granted, as well as those of the Classes of '61 and '76. '77 presented the new Biological Laboratory, and '79 the bust of Dr. McCosh. The Art Building has been largely built from money furnished by the alumni. Nor has athletics failed of numerous subscriptions from generous graduates.

Preparatory schools are watched with eager eyes by the alumni, and every available young man directed to Princeton. The result of the work is most gratifying. With so many agents all over the country Princeton will inevitably make great strides toward increased size and capabilities; and no longer may it be said, as Dr. Paton expressed it, that the alumni are merely "a lot of customers who have bought learning at our shop."

It only remains for every undergraduate to appreciate what those who have gone before are doing, to meet their expectations, and, when his turn shall come, to assist in the grand work of advancing higher education as embodied in Princeton.

## INDEPENDENT WORK.

THE term "higher education," to some is like the castle in Spain. The delights are very alluring, yet very hazy and dreamlike. The pleasures which the possession of either would bring to a man are speculated upon in imagination, and pictured in the night watches. To study only the mere outlines of higher educations is to speculate about the castle, and to read the headlines is to see but the turrets and the walls. And many of the college men of to-day are doing just this thing.

A course of lectures throughout the year upon any topic, if it cover much ground, as most college courses do, can not do more than *touch* upon the subject. It merely sets up sign-posts for direction in the scientific, philosophical or literary path. So, for a man to be thorough in any study he must engage in independent work in that particular study.

Let the man choose what course he will pursue and then take hold of the subject with a determination to get beneath the surface, and never be satisfied with the slight treatment given by the professor.

The American college professor, according to the system in vogue on our continent, finds that out of a large class, even though it be elective, there are few either desirous or capable of pursuing the subject very minutely, and, as a consequence, he is compelled to arrange his course in the most attractive style consistent with the theme.

The outcome of it is that he selects the most important features and presents a general survey of his topic. This is satisfactory as far as it goes, and is all that can be expected in a class-room where men are gathered with such a variety of tastes and capabilities. But for the student, a thoroughly educated man, and one who prides himself on being one of those who engage in higher education, this should not and is not sufficient. He must pursue independent research.

In Germany the university idea is to be seen in an elaborate form. A man there chooses his course and then seeks the professors who will give him the most that he desires. Nor is he content with lectures, but pores over the many books which bear upon his subject. A visitor sat for an hour in a German university class-room and heard the professor and students discuss twelve lines of Greek, not passing a word. This is German, not American, nor would we either desire this plan or think it suited to an American class-room. We would, however, like to see it in its modified form. A man can get but a little of each subject in class, and must do individual, extended work if he would know the subject.

Take for example the English course in any college. The class-room gives a man, say, the names of the writers in poetry and prose, from Chaucer to our present time, together with a catalogue of the works, and perhaps a very brief outline and short criticism of a selected few. The man may even get a broad and logical idea of the rise and decadence of the several periods of English literature, but he should take up the works himself and peruse them in chronological order, or some other advisable order, and try to appreciate for himself the weight of the professor's words, and endeavor to satisfy himself as to the reliability of the critic's judgment.

In the sphere of philosophy let the man do some independent thinking. Let him investigate the subject as treated by more than one author, and determine, for instance, the relative value of the cognitive and immense importance of the motive powers. So with Logic and Ethics, he may with great profit pursue extended study. In Science a man has every inducement. Let the man who enjoys Physics search in other than his text-book for information, and any professor is only too willing to answer a question which may help out of difficulty, or to make suggestions which will be stimulating as well as profitable. The studies of Chemistry and Physics will open up most

---

fascinating subjects for those who will engage in independent work. The same thing is true of other subjects which might be mentioned.

College men should realize that now they have one chance in a lifetime. They are not to think that independent work is merely for those who try for fellowships or prizes. All come for education, and this is the way open for all to make it as broad and firm as possible.

Never will the majority of men have the facilities of a library, such as almost every college affords. Never will they have the advantages of the equipment of the scientific departments, equipments which cost enormously, and which no individual could or would possess. Never will they be in the neighborhood of a cluster of such able men as the faculties of our colleges. Their advice, guidance and personal influence is incalculable.

The advantages which a man finds in college are not only such as are gained once in a lifetime, but such of which, if a man avail himself, will furnish him a capital which will render large interest in the future.

If men say they cannot obtain the advice, guidance and personal influence of their professors, they alone are to blame. If they think that they will pursue this independent work after college days are over, they are sadly mistaken. Not only will they lack the advantages, but they will find they have changed in disposition, and will have lost interest.

The advanced courses of all colleges are arranged with this idea in consideration, that men should have time for personal investigation. It behooves every college man, therefore, to reach out beyond the curriculum that he may broaden himself, strengthen himself and make the very most of his collegiate advantages.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

---

" O gift of God ! O perfect day :  
 Whereon shall no man work, but play ;  
 Whereon it is enough for me  
 Not to be doing, but to be !

" Through every fibre of my brain,  
 Through every nerve, through every vein,  
 I feel the electric thrill, the touch  
 Of life, that seems almost too much.

" I hear the wind among the trees  
 Playing celestial symphonies ;  
 I see the branches downward bent,  
 Like keys of some great instrument.

" And over me unrolls on high  
 The splendid scenery of the sky,  
 When through a sapphire sea the sun  
 Sails like a golden galleon,

" Towards yonder cloud-land in the West,  
 Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,  
 Whose steep sierra far uplifts  
 As craggy summits white with drifts.

" Blow, winds ! and waft through all the rooms  
 The snowflakes of the cherry blooms !  
 Blow, winds ! and bend within my reach  
 The fiery blossoms of the peach !

" O Life and Love ! O happy throng  
 Of thoughts, whose only speech is song !  
 O heart of man ! canst thou not be  
 Blithe as the air is, and as free ? "

**O**NCE again the trying week of examinations approaches, marking the close of another college year, and now, indeed, it is too late to repent of misused opportunities, but after this short seven days spent in almost continuous labor, we have more to look forward to than at any other time of the college year; and as if in vivid contrast with them comes Commencement, with all its glories, its quiet, dreamy atmosphere; and need we recall at any length the debates, the many social pleasures, the dinners, and last, but by no means least, the Class Day exercises? These are all well known to the mind of the undergraduate. How green the grass is! How perfect in color the foliage of our stately elms! The ivy clinging to the weatherbeaten stones of Old North is out in its brightest color; every flower, plant and shrub seems clothed as if for some grand fête-day occasion, to give the fittest welcome to the bright eyes and many-

hued dresses of our fair visitors, and the bearded faces and furrowed brows that once again meet in the hallowed precincts of their *Alma Mater*.

For the last time this year the campus is graced with the bright ribbons and gay costumes of blithe young girls, and happy are the men under whose ciceronage they visit the musty old museum, the college library, and then that point of greater interest to the feminine mind, the student's room. People can easily see how we live here; our quarters are not scattered, and though some of our entries may seem like the corridors of prison or the stairs of a light-house, still they often open upon the brightest and cheeriest of chambers. Perhaps a trophy hung upon the walls excites their interest, or a group of Pach's requires an explanation, then those signs which, if not distinctively decorative, at least have stories connected with them, and we see "Delmonicos Now Open" over a book case or "The Fifth Avenue Stage Line" over an easy chair; queer decorations these, and sometimes strange analogies, as when under a flaring sign bearing the inscription "The Road to Wealth," cut from a theatre poster, we see pinned upon the wall four aces. Books that do not usually grace the desks are hurriedly placed there; perhaps for ornament, for a dictionary looks better on a student's desk than a yellow-colored novel by the author of "Mr. Graimes from Graimestown." To the Senior, commencement week on the one side must be doubly sad; leaving, as he does, the happy home of four years, clothed in its most harmonious colors, parting from his tried and trusted classmates, some of whom he is never to see again, and leaving the many objects around which center such tender recollections to encounter, for the first time, the many trials of the outside world. After these days of pleasure comes summer; what heart does not thrill with gladness at the mention of that name which carries with it the remembrance of long, sunny, joyful days spent at the sea-shore or in the mountains, or in the cool and shaded retreats of some of our inland watering places, where

"The full ripe corn is bending  
In waves of golden light;  
The new-mown hay is sending  
Its sweets upon the night;  
The breeze is softly sighing,  
To cool the parched flowers;  
The rain to see them dying,  
Weeps forth its gentle showers;  
The merry fish are playing  
Adown your crystal stream;  
The night from day is straying,  
As twilight gives its gleam."

Europe this year seems to have special attractions, and there will not be a town on the continent where you cannot find a man who owes his

allegiance to the Crimson, the Blue, or the Orange and Black. Many parties are being formed among the Senior Class to meet in Paris, to tramp through the Alps or to examine the galleries of Italy. What a pleasure it is, these places visited for the first time, about which we have read so often, and upon which we have heard so many lectures. We almost seem to know them, those deep gorges and chasms of the Alps, which we have heard called remarkable examples of erosion, and have viewed upon the screen in the lecture-room. That old cathedral, "in the finest Gothic style," how much better we could appreciate its beautiful proportions, seeing them before us, looking the same as they must have when years before heroes whose names we are familiar with in our historical studies first worshipped there, and at last were placed at rest to lie forever beneath groined and lofty arches. We see the masterpieces of great artists as though fresh from their hands, we have long known them in the many copies and reproductions on our walls thousands of miles away. Yet no reproduction can give or interpret the wondrous depth of feeling, the brilliant tone and coloring which has lived so many years upon the treasured canvas. No wonder, then, that Europe is the Mecca to which our college pilgrims turn their eyes and footsteps. We wish them all good luck and profit upon their trip, knowing that as the college life is a preparation for the wider world, it also gives you a better appreciation of its works and beauties.

---

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

---

"There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,  
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;  
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,  
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

"The clouds are at play in the azure space,  
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,  
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,  
And there they roll on the easy gale."

THE study of the English language and literature has developed more rapidly than any other department in the college curriculum during the last decade or so. But a few years ago it was almost entirely ignored in the entrance examinations of many of our colleges, and received the most meagre attention throughout the course. Happily this is no longer the case, and in every institution worthy the name our own language holds the advanced position it deserves.

The result of this change is not only a trained class of scholars from which will come the American men of letters of the future, but it also opens up to our graduates new fields of profit and usefulness in journalism and literary criticism, entrance to which in former years could only be gained after the fundamental knowledge which should have been given by the studies of the college curriculum was obtained by a long apprenticeship.

And this change in our literary institutions has accompanied and is perhaps the result of a marked growth of the literature of our country; a growth which is surprisingly shown by a comparison of the annual lists of the publications of our leading houses with those of past years. And here the advance is not so much in the number of writers who lay their work before the public, as in the depth and authoritativeness of their treatment, and these are just the characteristics which must be emphasized. Specialization is the order of the day. *Non multa sed multum* forms the very atmosphere of literary production, and the comprehensive but superficial writer has given place to the patient laborer in a single corner of the wide field. The ponderous tomes dealing with entire subjects are relegated to the top shelves or the dusty store-room, and in their places have come handy little monographs in which the best thoughts and the results of careful study are compressed. Our books of travel are considered of little worth if they but dilate on the landscapes and art galleries, and do not also give us information regarding social, political or religious conditions or doctrines. The importance

of character and plot over detailed description and lengthened conversations is being more and more realized by our novel writers.

And it is no doubt true that the main educator in this advance has been the

#### MAGAZINES,

in which our country easily leads the world. These periodicals, demanding every month the best thought from the best writers, serve not only as a means of enjoyment and profit to their readers, but also furnish a stimulus to the thought of the writers; training men not to see over how many pages they can spread their thoughts, but into what limits they can condense the results of their best work.

The June *Century* opens with Mr. Kennan's account of the most important investigation yet entered into by him on the exile system, viz., his visit to the convict mines of Kara. The article is more profusely illustrated than usual, and will be followed by several more on the same subject. A portrait of the French artist Corot, whose work has had such an immense influence on the art of the day, and has given rise to so much controversy, adorns the first page of the number. And in the letter-press of the article, by Mrs. Van Renssalaer, on the same artist, is given a portrait of "Corot at Work," which represents him with a pipe in his mouth, painting away under an old umbrella. An article on the bloodhound, by an English writer, is illustrated by an English artist. It gives us a very different idea of his dogship from the one usually entertained. His intelligence is seen to be very great. Much of his present unenviable reputation is shown to be calumny. "An American Amateur Astronomer" is an illustrated sketch of the life of Mr. Burnham, who is famous as an astronomer because "the double stars he discovered were the closest and most difficult known to astronomers." The remaining departments of the magazine are not a whit less interesting and instructive than usual.

The French Exposition, which recalls to our memory the birth of the spirit of liberty in France, at the same time that our own liberty was for the first assured to us, is of great interest to all Americans. "The Highest Structure in the World," in other words the Eiffel Tower, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is devoted to an account of the methods of construction of the tower, and a comparison of other buildings of great height, and is thus supplementary to the article in last month's issue on this great world's fair. Charles Eliot Norton gives an account of Mr. Rawdon Brown and his discovery of the gravestone of banished Norfolk, at Venice, which is embellished with an engraving of the carved stone itself. An account of the "German Gymnasium, in its Working Order," showing the course of studies and discipline pursued at these schools, by Mr. G. M. Wahl, follows. "The Thousand and One Nights" is the title which Mr. C. H. Toy gives to his study of the literary genealogy

and various versions of the Arabian Nights. "Brevet Martyrs" will receive the attention of all for the bright way in which it presents the story of the queer characters in a Sanitary Commission Soldiers' Home in Ohio.

*Scribner's Magazine* for June embarks in a new enterprise, more notable even than the much praised railroad articles, which have been entertaining the reading public during the past year. We refer to the new series of papers on the Practical Application of Electricity, which is begun by an introductory paper on "Electricity in the Service of Man," by Professor C. F. Brackett, of Princeton. It is an example of the author's clear, concise and sharp thinking, which every Princeton student will at once recognize, and thus prepares the way for the intelligent perusal of the papers to follow by giving some of the more common methods of producing electrical phenomena, the laws which they reveal, and the principles involved in the measurement of electrical quantities. The future papers will treat of Modern Telegraphy, Electric Lighting, etc., and will be contributed by such authorities on the subject as C. L. Buckingham, chief electrical expert of the Western Union, and A. E. N. Kennelly, chief electrician in Mr. Edison's laboratory. This article is profusely illustrated by sketches of modern apparatus and some rare portraits of figure pieces.

Professor Henry Drummond, author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," contributes an article which presents for the first time a true idea of the magnitude of the slave trade in Africa, and of the great international movement for its suppression, which is being carried on by civilized people. The intense indignation which Dr. Drummond feels against this evil is kept so well under control that it serves only to make the terrible facts more impressive and to enforce the moral importance of the question. The remaining articles of the number fulfill all expectations as to their merit which may have been aroused by these opening papers.

The June number of *Outing* keeps up its well-earned reputation as a live, authoritative journal of all sorts of out-of-door sports. The paper in this number which will interest yachtsmen is a remarkable account of yacht voyages to Australia. Some fine illustrations of famous yachts add attractiveness and clearness to the text. Alfred Balch discusses "Camping Outfits and Equipments" in an authoritative manner. Those of our readers who intend roughing it in a "comfortable way" this summer will find this article of great practical value.

Boating as a pastime is growing in popular favor, and, therefore, the article on "Pleasures and Pastimes on the Cam" will be read with interest. The editorials embrace criticisms on photography, lawn tennis and yachting, while "The Outing Clubs" and other departments contain much useful information.

The two articles which will receive the most attention in the current number of *Lippincott's Magazine* are the first of a series of the "Recol-

lections of George W. Childs" and the clever skit entitled "A Dream of Conquest." The former, written at Mr. Childs' dictation by a personal friend, is an autobiographical sketch embracing the early part of his life. It portrays the early struggles and ambition of a representative American, who has since become famous throughout the world. "I owe my success," says the author, "to industry, temperance and frugality." This sentence should be remembered and made a motto of daily practice by the youth of to-day, in the mad rush for wealth which characterizes our age. Many interesting personal reminiscences of great men are woven into the thread of the history.

The second article mentioned is similar in idea and equal in cleverness to the "Battle of Dorking," which so aroused England about seventeen years ago. China is represented as resenting our treatment of her, and as bearing down on our coasts with her now powerful navy. It shows up vividly the weakness of our coast defences, and the ease with which a strong force could capture our metropolis. Though hidden under the guise of fiction, it contains a warning which will not be ignored. R. H. Stoddard, the eminent poet and critic, contributes a critical sketch on Fitz Greene Halleck. The writer does not hesitate to express his rather low opinion of the poetry of this one of our "Fathers of Song." The various other departments of the magazine are excellent, as usual.

The study of a head, done in photogravure from one of Sir Frederick Leighton's portraits, which forms the frontispiece of the June number of the *Magazine of Art*, is worthy of being framed and preserved; and if we are not mistaken such will be the case in many homes before the month is well out. The portrait is to accompany the first of a series of papers on "The Royal Academy," by the editor, which is further illustrated by engraved reproductions from paintings by the President of the Academy. The opening article is on the popular painter Hermann Corrodi. Illustrating this the picture painted by Mr. Corrodi for the Prince and Princess of Wales, as the Jubilee present to the Queen, is reproduced. A carefully illustrated article, entitled "Studies in English Costume," by Richard Heath, brings us to "early days of the Renaissance in Italy," which is followed by the usual notes, etc.

#### EXCHANGES.

It is very common in this country for the educated young men, the moral young men, the Christian young men, to hold themselves aloof from national or local politics, on the ground that they are debasing and corrupting in their influence. Serene is the belief that, to use a hackneyed but expressive phrase, "God takes care of the United States," they have a hazy idea that "the country is safe," and will continue on its prosperous way undisturbed, no matter who holds the reins. During the past few years, however, the educated voters have awakened to their duty, as has been witnessed to by such articles as that in the *University Quarterly* on the "Scholar in Politics." In this article Dr

Virgin points out some of the problems requiring solution in the near future, and the way in which we, as college men, may prepare ourselves to meet them. It is well worth perusal by educated men in all spheres.

The habit of some of our exchanges of having an article from the pen of a professor or prominent alumnus cannot be too highly praised. But the subject should always be one which cannot be treated satisfactorily by the students, such as some political or other question, which requires superior knowledge and experience. This requirement is not met in "A Bit of Reporting," in the *Cornell Magazine*, which is simply a pleasing recital of the experience of a youthful reporter on the staff of one of our great dailies. "A Merchant from Ruhheim," in the same number, is a story of some merit, slightly out of the general order of college stories.

The criticism applied above to the *Cornell Magazine* cannot be repeated when we read "The Meaning of Socialism To-day," in the *Harvard Monthly*, which is up to the usual standard of its contributions from alumni.

The *Williams Lit.* is one of our best exchanges, containing essay and fiction, both of which are of a character seldom surpassed by college journalism. From its supply of poems for May we quote the following entire:

THE LEGEND OF ALENCO.

"Loud came the noise of the breakers afar,  
As they dashed in spray on the harbor bar.  
In the sky there appeared not a single star  
And all was dark overhead.  
And beneath, the waves rose high with a roar,  
Racking the joints of the old ship sore,  
And the wind howled overhead.

"A thunder peal! a blinding glare  
And they saw at the helm a maiden fair;  
Round her head shone a halo of golden hair  
('Twas light as day overhead),  
And a shudder ran through the frightened men,  
But the darkness shut down like a pall again,  
And again 'twas dark overhead.

"The ship sped on like a wind-swept bird,  
Till beneath the prow the breakers were heard;  
Not a sailor stirred or uttered a word,  
'Twas dark as pitch overhead.  
A sudden bound and within the arm  
Of the harbor's bar she lay safe from harm,  
And the pale moon shone overhead.

"And after that day for many a year,  
In fishing villages far and near,  
By the chimney-side you oft might hear,  
When the wind howled overhead,  
How an angel came in that perilous hour  
And saved the ship by miraculous power,  
When the storm raged fierce overhead."

## BOOK REVIEWS.

---

**PHILOSIPHIA ULTIMA. VOL. II.** BY CHARLES WOODRUFF SHIELDS,  
D.D., LL.D. (NEW YORK: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.)

Our esteemed Professor Shields gives us in this large volume the matured thought of thirty years of diligent labor, completing a work which has been a life work. While the Princeton students will mark the clearness of style and the rhetorical beauty and finish which characterize the lectures of Dr. Shield's department in the college, they will also find that candor and discrimination in discussion, that careful thought and painstaking labor, that masterly grasp of the subject and high aim which mark all his work. The present volume, in fact, includes two. After an elaborate introduction, in which the aim and scope of philosophy are carefully treated, the author gives the body of the work to philosophy as the science of sciences, and to philosophy as the art or logic of the sciences. The different sciences are defined, classified and their philosophical scheme of the sciences is set forth. A general survey of these sciences in particular follows, and then we are given the three divisions of the universal science, with the three corresponding problems. This leads us to the second part of the volume. The same condensation of thought, breadth of range with minute specialty, multitudinous citations and cyclopædical history of opinions and controversies which marked the first volume, will be found to be equally characteristic of this one. Dr. Shields has chosen a lofty subject for his life work, and he could have no better monument to his faithful labor and wide acquirements.

**WORD STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT. VOL. II.** BY MAR-  
TIN R. VINCENT, D.D. (NEW YORK: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.)

This work, the second volume of which is before us, is worthy of all the praise that has been given to it. In this volume of 607 pages are included the writings of John, his gospel, Epistles and the Apocalypse. The title gives very clearly the scope of the work. It is not a commentary, although it has value in this sense; it is not a doctrinal exposition, although it gives valuable material for Biblical theology. In the order of chapters and verses it attempts an understanding of the Word by a critical study of the original, selecting with rare acumen the words and phrases that call for explanation or examination. The numerous distinctions between synonymous words found in the New Testament are especially noticeable, as are also the copious references to classical

authors, and at times we are favored with extended criticisms on important points. The introduction and prologue, as well as the copious indexes, give completeness to the book. While it may be used with profit by the reader of the English Bible, it is of special value to those who understand the original. In some respects Dr. Vincent has entered a new field, gathering together and adding to what may be found scattered through commentaries and critical expositions, but that which is nowhere else given in this convenient form. In so doing he has made an important scholarly contribution to the literature of the New Testament.

**ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA.** (J. B. ALDEN: NEW YORK.)

We are glad to note the appearance of Volume XIII. of this excellent publication. It takes the work along from Electricity to Exclaim. The information is condensed, but clear, accurate, and brought down to date. There is no slighting of any points, and the more important topics are treated with admirable fulness. Thus Electricity has 34 pages; Electric Light, 6 pages; Elizabeth (Queen), about 7 pages (with a *fac simile* of her signature, which is interesting if not beautiful); Emerson, 4 pages; Episcopal Church, about 7 pages; Ethnology, 10 pages. A cyclopedia of some kind is needed in every home and every school. This costs but little, while for general use it is far more convenient and practical than the large and very expensive works. Another valuable feature is found in the illustrations, which are freely used where needed to explain the text. Thus far this series of volumes has been eminently satisfactory, and there is every reason to believe that this high standard will be maintained until the close.

**STUDIES IN CIVICS.** By J. B. McCLEARY. (ST. PAUL, MINN.: D. D. MERRILL.)

A thorough knowledge of the science of government (which every intelligent citizen should have, and especially every college-bred citizen) is what this book aims to give to those who give it a painstaking study. The author gives it, in the preface, as his intention that the book shall be a help toward the getting an insight into the way business is carried on, and towards catching something of the spirit of law. It is intended especially as a text-book for public schools, but will well repay reading by others. Beginning with the organization of the town, it explains the working of each of our government institutions and points out the dangers and abuses peculiar to each. A comprehensive statement of commercial law, its rules and principles, is followed by an appendix giving useful information about many details, such as registration, citizenship, etc., and giving some forms and documents that will be valuable to everyone. Special chapters are devoted to the discussion of different

parts of the Constitution, to the events which led up to it, and to the principles upon which it is based. It will be a great boon to teachers, and we can recommend it as just the thing to put into the hands of the educated youth of to-day, to prepare them for encountering the varied problems which are arising in our polities.

ENGLISH HISTORY BY CONTEMPORARY WRITERS. THE CRUSADE OF RICHARD I. SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY T. A. ARCHER, B.A. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

Since the time of Hume and Gibbon England has been peculiarly rich in her history. While some are vastly superior to others yet they all have their place, each one possessing qualities the others do not, so that none could well be spared. This present series, edited by F. York Powell, reveals the fact that there is still another advantageous method of setting forth the facts of history, and one which has not before been tried in England, but suggested by the successful plan wrought out by Messrs. Hatchett, in France. This plan being to select and arrange, in strict chronological order, the facts of National History, political and social, taken directly from the pens of contemporary writers, in order, as the editor expresses it, "to give a living picture of the effect produced upon each generation by the political, religious, social and intellectual movements in which it took part." "The chief aim of the series," he says, "is to send the reader to the best original authorities." One volume is devoted to each well-defined period of English history. The volume in hand—*The Third Crusade*—is the fifth of the series, covering the period from 1189-92. Throughout the book are carefully prepared foot-notes, taken mainly from other writers of the Crusading times, which explain and illustrate the original narrative. Such illustrations as are given are chosen in the same spirit as the text, and represent monuments, documents, sites, portraits, coins, etc. An appendix is added, in which is given an account of the authors cited and books quoted. Also, explanatory notes on such subjects as "Medieval Coinage," "On Medieval Warfare," "On the Legend of the Old Man of the Mountains." Such a work as this is peculiarly valuable, especially to those who are unable to get hold of original authorities. The series ought everywhere to meet with approbation and encouragement, and should be in the possession of every educated man.

ESSAYS OF DE QUINCEY, "KNICKERBOCKER NUGGETS." (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

This volume contains "Murder as one of the fine arts," "Three memorable murders" and the "Spanish Nun." The contents of the series of Knickerbocker Nuggets are all too well known to need comment from us, and all that remains for the critic to do is to call attention

to the neat and attractive binding, to the handy size and to the cheapness with which Messrs. Putnam are getting up this series of standard works. In thus making so easy of access to lovers of English literature the best in every department, the publishers are conferring a boon, the value of which can not be calculated, and we can scarcely commend too highly the taste and skill used in the selection and compilation of these works. Any one who does not take advantage of this chance to possess himself of a library which will be of the greatest use to him is missing one of the greatest opportunities which he will ever have.

**GEONOMY AND KOSMO-NOMIA.** BY J. STANLEY GRIMES. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO. 50c.)

The creation and development of our planet has always been a subject for much theory and speculation. New theories are continually being advanced and new truths being discovered. Mr. Grimes brings forward a theory of the creation of the continents by elliptical currents in the ocean, which consisted of three pairs corresponding in shape and position to each other, one of the pair north, the other slightly south-east of its mate. On account of the inertia of the water they became irregular in form, and by collecting sediment on the earth's crust that part under the currents fell, thus forcing up the portions between the currents and forming the continents, whose shore line, therefore, corresponds to the line of the current. The author calls it "creation by theistic evolution," and though not expecting recognition during his own lifetime, rests in the conviction that his theory will ultimately be accepted by all scientific men. In the second part of the volume he presents the theory that the growth of worlds, gravitation, the heat and light of suns, and the internal heat of planets are all due to the condensation of ether. The theory is ingenious at all events, and may develop some important truth. We therefore commend the book to all thinking men.

**HANDBOOK OF RHETORICAL ANALYSIS.** BY JOHN F. GENUNG. (BOSTON: GINN & CO.)

The study of English is demanding considerably greater attention in the higher institutions of learning since, through the progress of linguistic science and the wealth of her literature, it is perfectly possible to make it the basis of a liberal education. Hence we welcome the appearance of these "Studies in style and Invention" as a valuable aid toward the perfecting of our literary language study. Prof. Genung's object in this text-book is to supply the second element in what he calls the "rhetorical circuit"—theory, example, practice. He has culled valuable extracts from the most prominent authors, from John Bunyan to George William Curtis, including such men as DeQuincey, Burke, Thackeray, Carlyle, Huxley, Arnold, Macaulay, Blackmore, Sir Walter Scott, Mill,

Ruskin, Tyndel and others just as prominent. In all twenty-six selections from twenty-four authors. He has selected these extracts to be analyzed, in style and structure, for the purpose of forming, from actual examples, some intelligent conception of what the making of good literature involves. The book is prepared to accompany the author's "Practical Elements of Rhetoric," and presupposes a knowledge of the same or its equivalent; or they may be studied together. The study is carried on by a series of minute questionings, in connection with valuable notes on nearly every point of style, beginning with "Choice of Words," "Kinds of Diction," "Figures of Speech," etc., designing thereby not only to call the student's attention to all the essential points, but also to stimulate original criticism on points not treated of in the Rhetoric, and also sometimes appealing to individual taste on points not susceptible of an indubitable decision. The value of such a book, as a guide to literary criticism and an aid to the formation of a cultured style, is seen at once. It is something entirely new, and what the student has long been waiting for. The author has taken an initiative step in the right direction. May many follow him, and may he by continued experience make his book in the future still better than it is. Typographically speaking, the book is all that could be desired.

**PICTURESQUE ALASKA.** BY ABBY JOHNSON WOODMAN. (BOSTON  
AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

When, through the efforts of Secretary Seward and Senator Sumner, the United States acquired the possession of Alaska, it was against the best judgment of many influential and far-sighted people; and even yet the value and importance of this acquisition have not been sufficiently impressed on many minds. The most patent benefits to be reaped from this land of picturesque mountains and forests, are, of course, the material products of its seas and lakes, of its mines and lumber camps. But these are by no means the only ones, and the people of the Northwestern States are beginning to find out that there is no pleasanter place to spend the summer than in this bit of Russian America. This series of sketches were written by such a tourist from San Francisco to Sitka, with no thought of publication. With the grand, picturesque and sublime scenery, so graphically described, in full view from the car window or steamer's deck, the author has instilled something of the freshness and vividness of the realities into her book. The tale is told simply as it was read in Nature's book, and is enlivened by many humorous incidents, such as would naturally befall such a jaunt. The next best thing to enjoying an excursion oneself is to read a good description of it, and those to whom circumstances will not permit the actual trip, should at least take it by proxy through the medium of these pages. A few fine engravings assist the imagination, and a map of the Alaska route will be of use to future travelers. It is prefaced by an introduction by the Centennial poet.

**A GIRL GRADUATE.** By CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

This is not, as would appear from the title, the story of a Vassar or Wellesley alumna, but, on the contrary, follows the fortunes of the daughter of a well-to-do American mechanic, who, after the pleasant fashion made possible by our unparalleled system of public schools, has given his daughter the advantage of a high-school education. Maggie Dean is thus introduced to us, a bright, daring and sometimes wilful girl, always loving and lovable, and just the girl to draw out the strong, deep love of Henry Parsons, whose extreme thoughtfulness and earnestness are but the natural fruit of an inherent strength of mind coupled with ambition, which has been forced to recoil upon itself by a childhood bereft of a mother's care and cursed by a drunken father. His pure purpose, clear head and strong will carry him safely from his low origin to a position of trust and honor. Sidney Gale, the principal side character, is drawn as a shallow young society man, who amuses himself for awhile in a flirtation with the heroine, and thus furnishes an incident which is well used in the plot. Several such incidents are skilfully brought in, and all obstacles to the happy union of the hero and heroine are overcome in a natural manner, and after the ceremony they take up their residence in Dakota, where he has made his reputation, by hard and honest work, as a real estate broker and lawyer. The characters are well drawn, and such as are to be seen in every town of average size. The style is simple and chaste, and the love scenes are extremely natural and not too frequent. The plot is consistent, and holds the interest to the end.

**PRINCIPLES OF PROCEDURE IN DELIBERATIVE BODIES.** By GEORGE GLOVER CROCKER. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS. 75c.)

In no other country in the world is a knowledge of the rules of order governing organized bodies so necessary to an educated man as in our own. Organizations, clubs, societies, rule the day. It is therefore absolutely necessary to have a thorough working knowledge of the principles under which such bodies exist. This little manual gives just what is needed, in a concise and systematic form, making emphatic distinction between principles of general application and such rules as may be adopted by any special body, under special circumstances. It will not take the place of Roberts' rules of order, or of any other technical treatise, but gives a general knowledge, such as should be possessed by everyone. It is of convenient size for pocket use, and is strongly and neatly bound.

**A CONCISE VOCABULARY TO THE FIRST SIX BOOKS OF HOMER'S ILIAD.** By THOS. D. SEYMOUR. (BOSTON: GINN & Co.)

This book will be welcomed with delight by all beginners in the study of the Homeric poems. It is, as its name implies, concise; leaving out all unnecessary words, and giving only the information needed by the beginner, without bothering him with the history of the word. It is compiled from the Iliad itself, and gives only what is important to the "accurate and appreciative reading of the poem." The interest with which it will be received, as well as its value, is heightened by the insertion of a table of the different periods into which the Trojan war was divided, a synopsis of the Greek forces, a map of Homeric Greece, and five genealogical tables of the heroes most actively engaged in the contest. The book will prove invaluable to those preparing for college, as saving both time and patience, being even handier than Kepp's for that part of the poem. Here, however, its usefulness ends, for it is not intended to be an accessory in any degree to that sort of study for which Liddell and Scott's Unabridged Lexicon is so well adapted. We find here none of that pre-Hellenic and post-Homeric history of the Greek stems and roots, which is such an essential part of the broader and more scientific knowledge of the language, which it is the aim of the college course to impart.

**VAGABOND TALES.** By H. H. BOYESSEN. (BOSTON: D. LOTHROP COMPANY.)

The popular taste in America not only does not demand the three-volume novels which suit so well our English cousins, but, on the contrary, it will not have them. Our time is systematized, and we cannot afford enough of it to digest the interminable tales which so delight the inhabitants of the British Isles. We have outgrown our taste for them just as we have outgrown the age of tallow candles and mail coaches. From this change in popular sentiment has grown the short story. It is eminently American, and gives evidence of our constitutional activity in literature as well as in other spheres. Prof. Boyesen has collected here a series of tales which are not at all calculated to lessen this taste and admiration for the short story. They are written in a pleasing style. The characters are Norwegian, and the scenes are laid in part in Norway. The greatest of all human passions is the dominant one in all, but they are not by any means mere love stories, and each serves to point some important truth of self-culture. They are pervaded by a fresh and wholesome tone, and their "dash and go" will commend them to young and old.

**HORACE: THE ODES, EPODES, SATIRES AND EPISTLES.** (LONDON AND NEW YORK: FREDERICK WARNE & Co. PRICE, 75c.)

Notwithstanding the danger of diminishing the delicacy of Horace's verse when rendering it into another language is so great, there is prob-

ably no ancient bard whose work has received more attention at the hands of our literary men than has his. From the almost too literal translation of the earliest English poets, to the melodious and smooth imitations and paraphrases, there is scarcely a literary man of note who has not tried his hand at transferring the exquisite utterances of the Roman poet into "rhymeless meter or melodious verse," whichever his muse preferred. In this excellent collection we have, as it were, the light of this lyrical sun, brought into a focus, reflected from the minds of eminent poets and scholars, from the time of Ben Jonson to the present, including many now living. And just as the faithfulness of the image depends on the material and construction of the mirror, so here the efficiency of the translation is determined by the translators' minds, and we have not only Horace, but Dryden, Milton or Addison, as each has given his own peculiar mark to verse or style.

A DISILLUSIONED OCULTIST.

A VENETIAN STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.  
DIGBY CHESS PROFESSOR.

DRAMA NOVELS, BY CHARLES EDWARD BARNS. (NEW YORK: WILLARD FRACKER & Co.)

What a drama-novel is can only be imagined by one who has had the pleasure of reading these by Mr. Barns. To attempt to give an adequate description or definition of it would require more space than we have at our disposal; and even then the result would be unsatisfactory. They must be read to be appreciated. The books before us are written in a light, semi-comical and altogether amusing style. The plots are fairly good, and the sentiment, to say the least, is harmless. The author is described as a "poet, apologist, histrionographist and general literary brick-à-bracist," and his works will be a welcome substitute at times for the usual novel during the coming summer season of idleness, at the seaside and in railroad trains.

TWO SIDES OF A STORY. By G. P. LATHROP. (NEW YORK: CASSELL & Co.)

Mr. George Parsons Lathrop is not like some authors who put their best work into their novels. He has never written anything better than his short stories, and Messrs. Cassell & Company are fortunate in offering the first collected volumes of these to the public. The contents of the volume are made up of his more notable contributions to *Harpers*, *The Century* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. There is as much plot and character drawing in one of these stories as would satisfy some of our novelists for an entire book. Mr. Lathrop is a strong writer, and has a keen sense for dramatic situation. Whoever has read his stories in the magazines will be delighted to get them in permanent and handsome form, and their collected appearance will raise up a new equally admiring audience.

**ALMEDA.** By DR. N. T. OLIVER. (CHICAGO AND NEW YORK: RAND, McNALLY & Co.)

"A Tale of the Buellos Madros," the supposed descendants of the ancient inhabitants of Mexico. They are represented as having taken refuge from the Spanish invaders in an obscure valley, and to wage a secret warfare, by strangling them at night, upon all outsiders who venture within a certain radius of their home. The book rehearses the adventures of a young man in search of his sister, who, it is believed, has been kidnapped by these people. The plot, from the nature of the conception, is highly improbable, but, with the exception of one or two little inconsistencies, the behavior of the people concerned is natural. The tone of the novel is not unelevating, and will meet with commendation from travellers and others who have an abundance of leisure.

**LIFE OF HENRY GRATTAN.** By ROBERT DUNLOP. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co.)

Many are the noble names which Ireland has given to the list of leaders of freedom, and few nobler or more admired in his day than Henry Grattan, whose public and private character was unimpeachable, and to whose efforts Ireland owes many advantages, among others the abolition of the heavy restriction on her commerce. The history of his life is very largely that of the Irish Constitution and altogether the history of the Parliament of Ireland. Byron declares him to be an orator

"With all that Demosthenes wanted endowed,  
And his rival or master in all he possessed."

It is with great pleasure, therefore, that we announce the reception of the life of this man, compiled with great care, and in a style that will commend itself to all. It is thoroughly authentic, and very interesting reading.

**EMERSON IN CONCORD. A MEMOIR.** By EWD. W. EMERSON. WITH PORTRAIT. (HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

We don't know when we have enjoyed a book of this character so much. After reading we feel that we have been at Emerson's very side from his boyhood up, and that we have been very favored friends in being made the confidants of his inner life. His inner and outward life is shown us in a charming manner by this very readable volume. The book treats of Emerson's home life and his personality as related to his public life. It shows us the man, and the picture is most attractive. No one can question its entire truthfulness. We are made acquainted with his Harvard College days and the trials he there had to undergo. The glimpses we get of his mother and his aunt are worthy of elaboration. The work is written plainly and simply without any ambition on the

part of the writer, and the pages are enlivened with numerous extracts from Emerson's private journals. It far surpasses other books of its kind. We speak for it a hearty recommendation.

**LYRICS.** By J. H. YOUNG. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: FUNK & WAGNALS.)

This volume contains several poems of decided merit. The author has taken, for the most part, subjects which have been well nigh exhausted, but there is considerable freshness noticeable in the treatment of them in the present collection. The forms of verse are varied and pleasing. At times the versification is somewhat faulty, but this is not frequently the case, and there is no monotony in the form. That the author is a disciple of Shelly is seen in the manifest fondness for impersonations and invocations of forces of nature. Among the best of the poems are "The Storm," the "Sonnets on the Months," "Orion" and "Lover's Anchorite." It is, on the whole, a volume that may be read with interest and profit by one who delights in the study of the muse of poesy.

**ANTOINETTE.—ILLUSTRATED.** By GEORGE OHNET. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co.)

This story of the fortunes of lovers separated at first by quarrels between the heads of their respective families, is somewhat after the style of the "Duchess." It is one of those novels which will always prove of interest, though it does not depend for its attractiveness on hair-breadth escapes and curious coincidences, but rather on the delineation of the characters and fortunes of its hero and heroine. The story is well told and the characters well conceived, and we will promise a pleasant afternoon to those who peruse it.

**VIEWS AFOOT; OR, EUROPE SEEN WITH KNAPSACK AND STAFF.** By BAYARD TAYLOR. (NEW YORK: J. B. ALDEN. 50c. TILL JULY 1.)

The most popular book of travels ever published by an American author, is now published in a handsome, big-type, cloth-bound volume of 481 pages. No traveler ever saw more than Taylor, or told his adventures in more vivid language. His pen-pictures are charming, his book an American classic. Aside from its literary merit, this story of the plucky lad who was determined to see Europe with or without means, serves as an inspiration to all young men to rise above their surroundings and make a like success of life. This is a special offer, at greatly reduced rates, and should be taken advantage of by everyone.